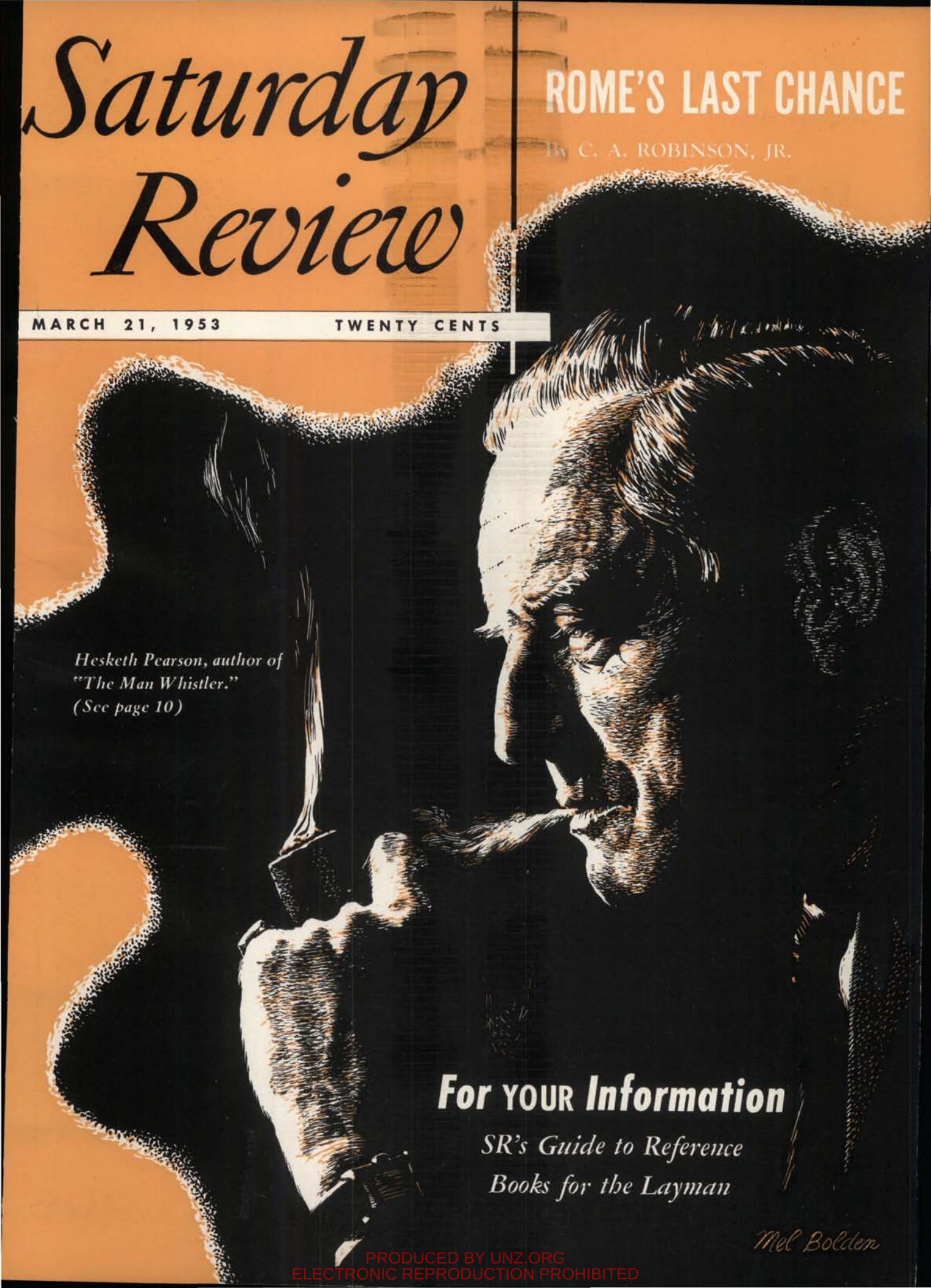
Saturday Review

ROME'S LAST CHANCE

By C. A. ROBINSON, JR.

MARCH 21, 1953 TWENTY CENTS



Hesketh Pearson, author of "The Man Whistler."
(See page 10)

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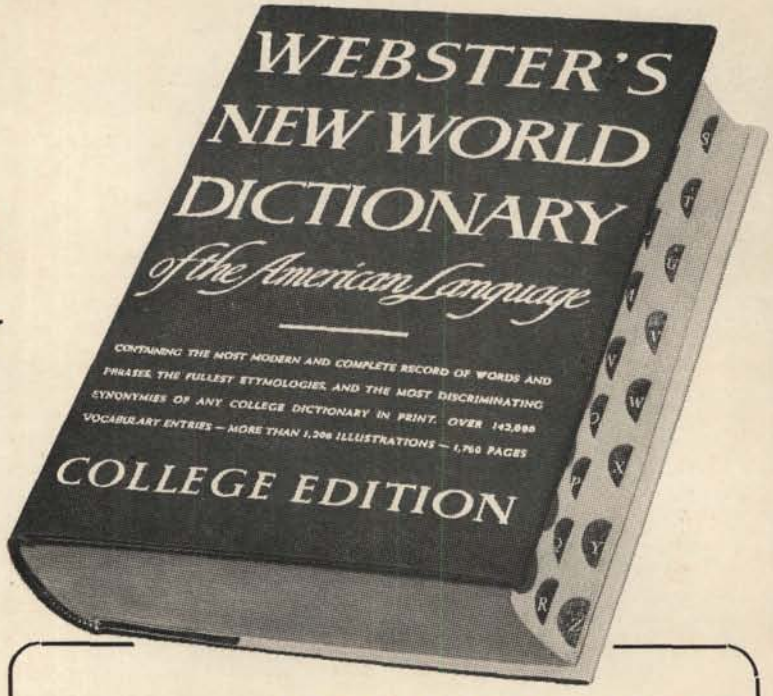

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The Saturday Review

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Good News

▶ On March 12, the forty-first anniversary of the founding of Girl Scouting in the United States, a new proficiency badge called "My Government" was introduced to the membership. The badge, designed to enlarge the Scouts' knowledge of local, state, and Federal government, has been planned as an outgrowth of the successful Aides to Voters program in which almost 200,000 Girl Scouts took part during the national election last fall.

▶ On February 4, after eleven years, the rationing and price control of candy in Britain came to a sudden end. Food Minister Lloyd-George announced the good news with the assurance that supplies of sugar and other materials would be sufficient to meet the expected rush on candy stores. . . . In Denmark all rationing was ended with the recent lifting of regulations on coal and coke as well as fuel oil. Installation of oil burners was given free.

▶ Local 364 of the Brotherhood of Railway Carmen has, for the first time in seventeen years, admitted to its membership Negro workers employed at the Washington Terminal in the nation's capital. The action came as the result of efforts by the Washington Bureau of the NAACP.

▶ Roseate spoonbills, among the least known yet loveliest of American birds, are nesting again in increasing numbers on tiny uninhabited islands off the tip of Florida and the Texas coast. Once virtually extinct in this country, the spoonbills' return marks a triumph of wildlife conservation with credit going to the National Audubon Society and the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service.

▶ During the period 1950-52 over 28,424 American children's books have gone overseas to Europe and Asia to delight young readers. Some $30,035 has been donated by Americans to make possible these shipments of 3,533 CARE book packages. This CARE-UNESCO program receives support of the National Congress of Parents and Teachers, the Association for Childhood Education, the American Library Association, and the Girl Scouts of America.

▶ The Colorado-Wyoming Association of Collegiate Registrars and Admissions Officers voted at its last meeting to delete from all uniform application blanks any reference to race, religion, or church preference.

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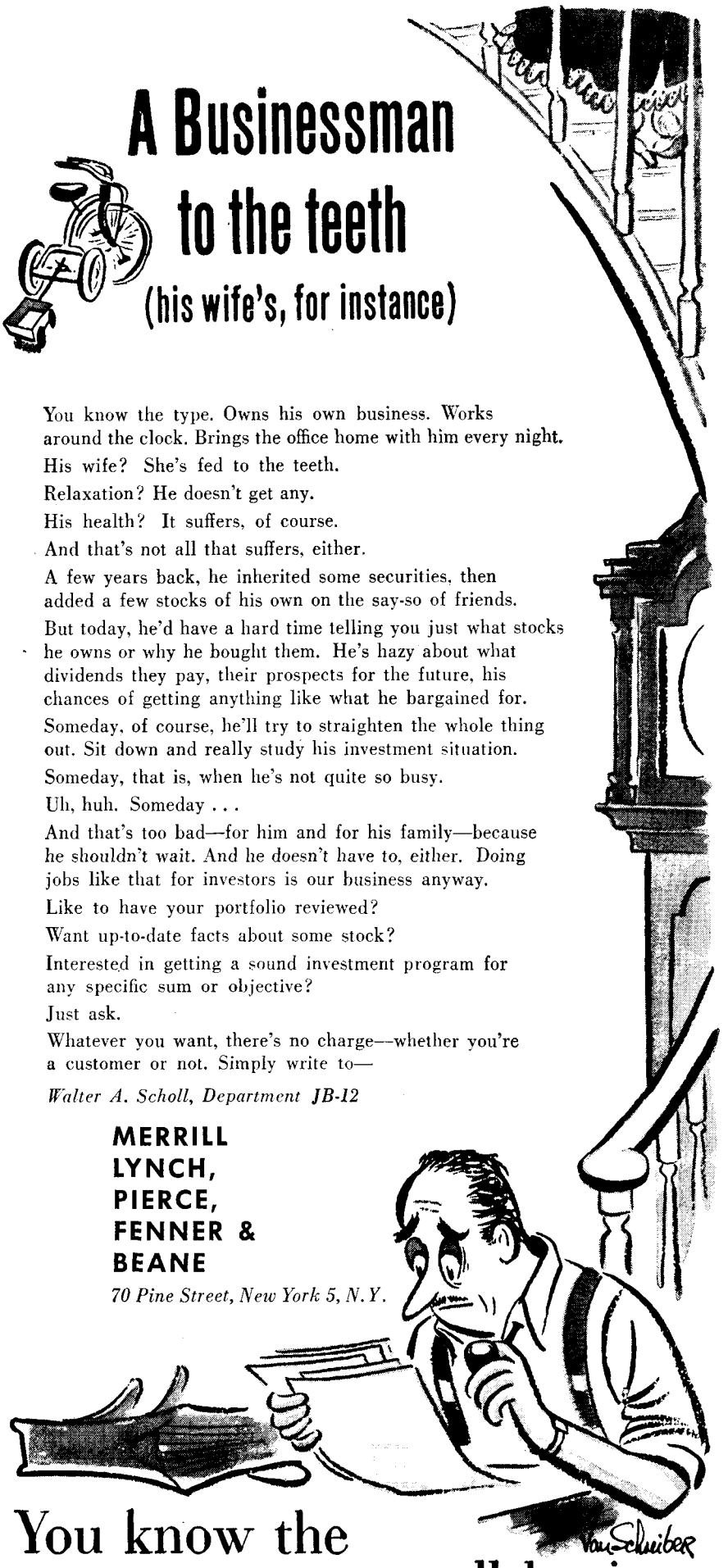

You know the type . . . owns a small business

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TRADE Winds

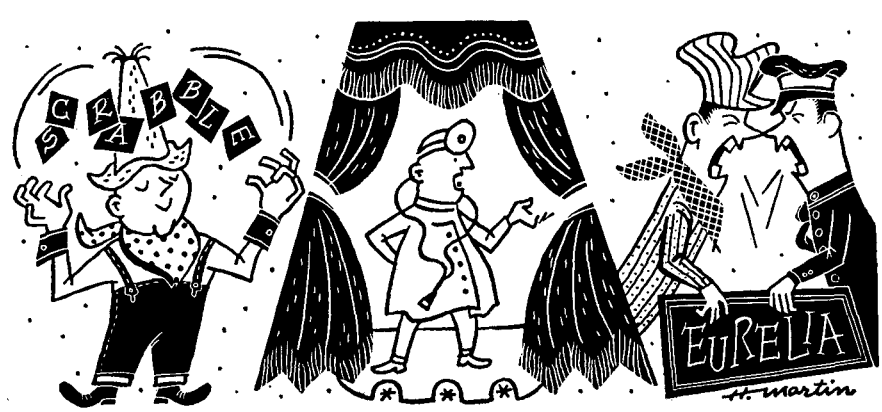
THE LITERARY SCENE

● ● In Newtown, Connecticut, an amiable gentleman named James Brunot, semi-retired social worker, sits calmly in the midst of a tornado of his own making. Some time back an architect friend of Brunot showed him a new word-game he had invented, which he called "Scrabble." Brunot allowed as how a certain number of sets could be sold by mail. The little wooden counters used in the game he ordered from a Bohemian toy maker, harried by the Nazis, and now relocated in West Germany. The boards were embossed, and the sets assembled in a little red barn just outside Bethel, Connecticut, by local talent. As the game caught on like wildfire, and orders poured in from all over the country, Mr. Brunot resolutely refused to alter his set-up. Eighteen thousand sets a month is now his maximum output—a drop in the bucket as compared with current demand. One Chicago outfit has been licensed to make a game called Skip-Across, with rules very closely approximating those of Scrabble. A score of unlicensed imitators can also be depended upon to come as close to the original as the law allows. Meanwhile Mr. Brunot, unruffled, continues on the even tenor of his ways. The day our operative visited his plant all work had been suspended for the nonce because the company that supplies the boards had delivered 10,000 that were faulty. Furthermore —and even more important—one of his wife's sheep was lambing. Superintending this operation, Mr. Brunot implied, had satisfying the national clamor for Scrabble sets skinned a mile.

● ● In Montana, Harry Oliver, colorful editor of the *Desert Rat,* journeyed to the mining town of Eurelia to track down a tale of the old frontier days. It seems that the conductor and the brakeman on the accommodation local Harry was riding on couldn't agree on the pronunciation of Eurelia. The conductor fastened a meaningful eye on editor Oliver and intoned, "You're a liar! You're a liar!" The brakeman up front cut in with "You really are. You really are." . . . Harry says the Eurelia Oprey House is operated by the town sawbones, a Dr. Peterson. Patronage fell off to such a degree that one Saturday night the good doctor interrupted proceedings long enough to stride out upon the stage and inquire bitterly, "Is there a patient in the house?"

● ● In Manhattan, Frederick Lewis Allen, cheerful and erudite editor of *Harper's Magazine,* decided to devote all of his working hours to his book (he's already achieved two BOMC selections) and will turn over his magazine chores to John Fischer, who, at forty-two, has already won a whole barrelful of editorial spurs. . . . Another shift in higher publishing echelons finds Ted Amussen returning to Rinehart in the augmented role of v.p. and general manager of the trade department.

● ● At the Publishers Adclub, Joseph Henry Jackson, the Pacific Coast's leading literary pundit and Man of Distinction, thumped hard and understandably for more book advertising in California media. His state, he declared, accounted for 13 per cent of the Cadillacs made in America and 10½ per cent of the books. "Too many publishers," he concluded, "divide America into two regions: 'New York' and 'out-of-town.' And when



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they promise that a novel will be promoted in 'coastal' cities, they mean only the East Coast." Methinks the good Mr. Jackson was too engrossed in the Jelke circus on his New York visit honestly to case the publishers in town on their regional preferences. I'll bet him the white, ten-gallon sombrero just presented to me by Rancher Walter Kirschner against a dinner at Trader Vic's that at least 50 per cent of the heads of publishing houses will name as their favorite cities in the land, first, New York, and second, Mr. Jackson's own San Francisco. My own firm spends more money on advertising in California than in any state outside of New York and Illinois.

● ● In Chicago, the University of Chicago Press proudly announced the appointment of Ida Kaye as sales manager of the trade department. For years the callipygian Ida has been the pin-up girl of libidinous Williams undergraduates the while she served as Ray Washburne's good right arm in his bustling College Bookstore.

● ● In Finland, Mika Waltari has completed his new novel, dealing with the fall of Constantinople. Putnam's will publish it this fall, under the title of the "Dark Angel." Another distinguished man of letters from overseas, Lin Yutang, has delivered the manuscript of *his* new opus, "The Vermilion Gate," to John Day.

● ● In Kent, Ohio, Myra Thompson, tiring of an endless argument about the comparative merits of various editions of the Bible, ended the discussion—and emptied the room—by murmuring, "Chacun à son Gutenberg."

● ● In Minneapolis, the spritely secretary of editor Gideon Seymour, of *The Star* and *Tribune*, has come up with the best yet of the hundred titles suggested for the forthcoming autobiography of Christine Jorgensen: "We."

● ● In Beverly Hills, the Barrymore family is embracing literature in a big way. Ethel is completing her memoirs, and brother Lionel is putting the finishing touches to his first novel, "Mr. Cantonwine."

● ● In Urbana, Professor Harry Fuller insists that Gerald Warner Brace's "The Spire" is the best American novel with a university background published in the past twenty years. I myself would rate George Stewart's "Doctor's Oral" on a par with it, with Robie Macaulay's "Disguises of Love" right up in the same league. And a top-drawer murder story in a college setting is Helen Eustis's "The Horizontal Man." Any other nominations?

● ● In Hollywood, Sheila Graham describes a new type of fiction: a combination horse oprey and murder mystery. It's called a whoadunit.

● ● In Washington, certain influential circles, undismayed by the formidable sponsorship for Bill Taft, Jr., cling to the hope that the year's end

will see silver-tongued Jeremiah Cornelius Devine ensconced in the ambassadorial seat in Eire. Meanwhile, Devine, abandoning for the nonce the production of his perennial radio favorite, "This Is Your F.B.I.," is giving exhibitions of the Irish jig and readying plans for a motion-picture version of Frank O'Connor's poignant story "Babes in the Wood."

● ● In New York, able columnist Dorothy Kilgallen, perturbed by recurrent threats of Government censorship of books, commented sagely, "I don't know that I consider Congressmen equipped to censor the literature of the nation. If they are, then I think it only fair to have a militant permanent committee composed of Ernest Hemingway, William Faulkner, Tennessee Williams, and Carl Sandburg sit in judgment on the way Congressmen are handling the business of the Government."

● ● In Shaker Heights, Ohio, Jerry Mayer claims to have uncovered evidence proving that the Shmohawk Indians are distantly related to a Western tribe, the Sioux-me's.

● ● At the Cambridge University Press, American manager Ronald Mansbridge is mildly mystified by an order from Greta Garbo for *one* copy of F. M. Cornford's "Before and After Socrates," closely followed by an order for *two* copies from Katharine Hepburn. "If Marlene Dietrich feels a similar urge," daydreams Mansbridge, "I hope she'll come to my private office for her copy in person."

● ● In Des Moines, Gardner Cowles, publisher of *Look* and *Quick*, goaded his sales force to new deeds of derring-do with the tale of an untried clerk in a clothing store who sold nineteen suits on his first day on the job. "A great start," enthused his boss, "but if you're really the world-beater you appear to be, you'll fob off this over-loud, outmoded number with the broad purple stripes we've been stuck with for three years. Get $60 for it, and I'll give you a raise immediately." Three days later the clerk reported that the monstrosity had been sold. "You're wonderful," conceded the boss. "Did you have a tough time persuading the customer to take it?" "The customer was docile as a lamb," admitted the clerk, "but I had one hell of an argument with his seeing-eye dog!" —Bennett Cerf.

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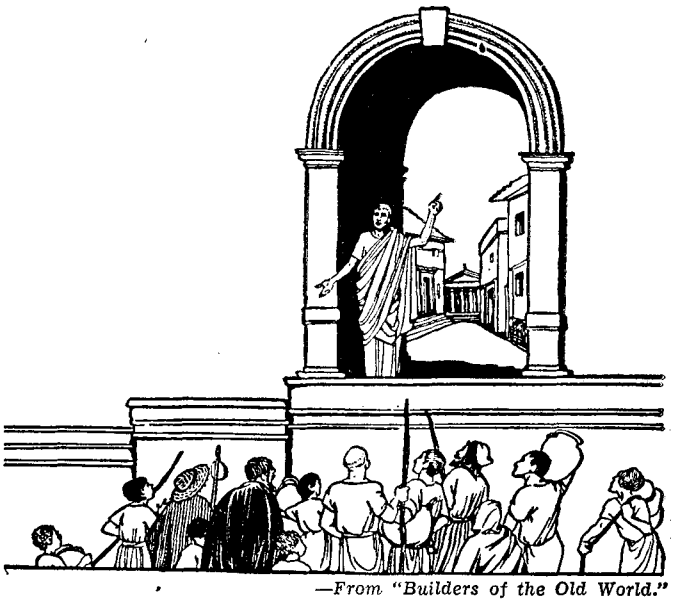
The Saturday Review

MARCH 21, 1953

Rome's Last Chance

C. A. ROBINSON, JR.



—From "Builders of the Old World."

WHY did the Roman Empire fall? This is a common question, and a sensible one too, for it suggests that if only we might find the answer we would then learn what to avoid and what to cultivate in our own civilization. The trouble with the question, however, is that it presupposes a moment when Roman society was, if not perfect, at any rate in happy equilibrium.

Gibbon, of course, thought that he could discern that moment in the second century A.D. under the Antonines: "If a man were called to fix the period in the history of the world, during which the condition of the human race was most happy and prosperous," he said, "he would, without hesitation, name that which elapsed from the death of Domitian to the accession of Commodus. The vast extent of the Roman Empire was governed by absolute power, under the guidance of virtue and wisdom." There is plenty of ancient evidence, moreover, to confirm Gibbon's judgment. A Greek rhetorician of the second century, Aristeides by name, summed it all up when he called the whole world a paradise, where men might travel safely from Britain to Persia, where, in place of war, cities competed with each other only in their splendor and pleasures.

Not long afterward, however, the whole ancient world burst apart. For fifty years in the next century there was nothing but anarchy. Not counting a score or more pretenders, there were not less than twenty-six emperors, only one of whom died a natural death. In the year 260 alone Gallienus faced eighteen rivals. At the same time, large, organized waves of barbarians swept over the Empire's defenses from Britain to Mesopotamia. As if civil war and invasion were not enough, piracy and brigandage competed to close the lines of communication, stop trade and industry, and carry off the movable wealth. Large areas of the Empire broke away and set themselves up as independent states. The dreadful toll of life was further increased by a terrible plague, which carried off five thousand persons daily at Rome for awhile and two-thirds of the population of Alexandria. Finally, an awful fear permeated the entire Empire, for it was felt that a secret religious sect, known as Christians, consisted of potential traitors; accordingly, the Christians were persecuted with increasing severity until even pagans were shocked into becoming Christians and the Edict of Toleration was issued in 311.

When, at last, order was restored, the emperors realized that one of their first tasks was to safeguard their persons against assassination. This is why Diocletian and Constantine and their successors removed themselves from the crowd and put on a crown and a silken robe which sparkled with jewels and gold; this is why the emperor called himself "Lord and God" and often pictured himself with a god on his coins—after all, if his authority did not come from the senate and people, some source for it had to be found. In keeping with his new position, the emperor compelled his subjects to prostrate themselves before him, and surrounded the throne with the circles of a new nobility of various grades, each attended by its appropriate degree of pomp and ceremony.

To speak generally, the dangerous foreign situation, religious strife, and financial needs combined to set the social structure of intense regimentation during the late Roman Empire. Above all, the high cost of army and bureaucracy in the new "corporate state" crushed the Roman world. The economy of the Empire was such that when the peasants had paid their taxes and rents to maintain those who did not produce—soldiers, bureaucrats, large landowners—they did not have enough left to feed large families. The depopulation caused by war and plague during the third century need not have been more than temporary, but the ensuing permanent falling off of population meant a fatal shortage of man power when Rome was put to the ultimate test by Hun and Vandal and Goth.

NONE of this explains why Rome "fell," for we need to know why the "corporate state" became necessary, what produced the anarchy of the third century, what, in short, was responsible for the changed world. This is where the speculations of historians enter the picture. On the one hand we have Gibbon's strictures on the Christian Church—the state within a state—and on the other hand such "causes" as malaria, the exhaustion of soil and minerals, the invasions of barbarians, intermarriage, bureaucracy, corruption. Let us insist, rather, that these are all aspects of Rome's decline, not one of which goes to the roots of the problem. There is no single cause, in the usual sense of that word, for the fall of ancient civilization. What we really need to discover is a certain point in

C. A. Robinson, Jr., professor of classics at Brown University, is a noted authority on ancient history.

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ancient history—it must exist somewhere—up to which man still had the opportunity to solve his problems and to improve himself and society, and beyond which he did not.

If ancient history proves one thing, it is that no Utopia ever existed. Let us first, therefore, dispose of Gibbon's eulogy of second-century Rome, especially since there is a common readiness to accept it. An amazing fact about that extraordinary century, when mankind was seemingly never more secure in peace, prosperity, and sound government, is that it produced few great books, few constructive political ideas, no new principle in art or science, no significant advance in technology. Technological backwardness had characterized antiquity for centures, and yet the absence of new discoveries is surprising, particularly when we recall that civilization began in Mesopotamia and Egypt with such inventions as irrigation works, the plow and wheeled cart, the use of oxen and boats and sails, the smelting of ores, writing, the calendar. For the condition of the Graeco-Roman world the upper classes were responsible. The whole atmosphere was unfavorable to technical progress, which would have challenged their privileged position. Just as the great achievements of past centuries in art and literature had been limited to a relatively few people, so too wealth was not evenly distributed. What the second century needed was not so much an expansion of possible markets—which Trajan tried to accomplish through conquest and Hadrian could not maintain—as a deepening of them.

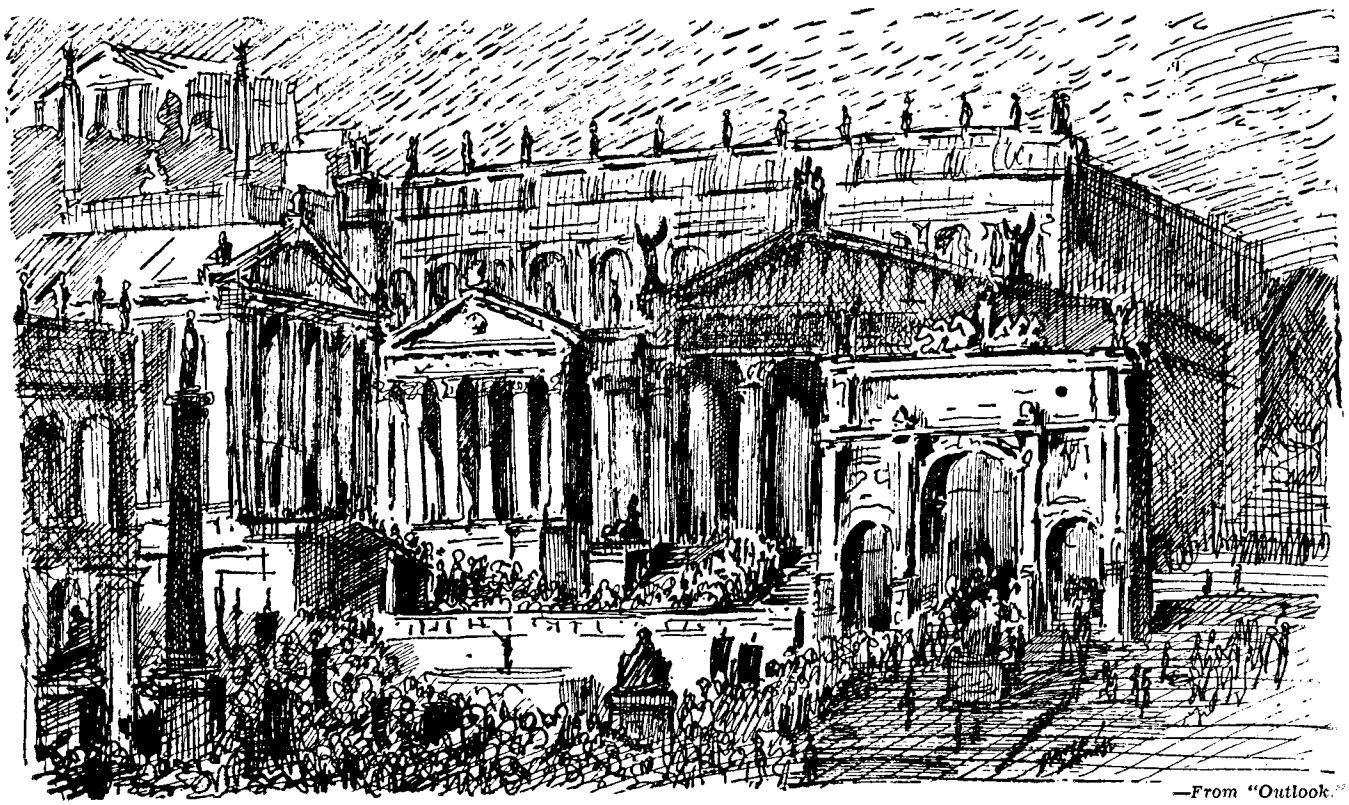
It is significant that such new inventions as there were had their origin across the 4,000-mile frontier, in the barbarian world, whose societies were not based on slaves and tenant farmers to the same extent as that of the Roman Empire. Except in building and engineering, the Roman world suffered from a complete stagnation of technique during the second century. This was especially disastrous for agriculture. Moreover, the decentralization of industry from Italy to the provinces (to save the cost of transport) led ultimately to provincial autarky, which destroyed the economic unity of the ancient world. At the same time, the irreducible overhead expenses of the Empire had to be met, and the only means of extracting them from diminishing resources was through ever-increasing extortion and regimentation, which culminated in the "corporate state" of the fourth century.

To explain the intellectual stagnation of the second century—jurisprudence apart—is as difficult as it is to list the factors necessary for outbursts of intellectual activity. It is clear, however, that the manifestations of cultural decline reached the surface before any others. This can be seen in the different development of pagan and Christian literature. Pagan literature eventually suffered eclipse because it was interested in form rather than substance and appealed to a narrow, educated audience, whereas Christian literature was full of vitality and was addressed to common folk as well as scholars. Christian literature did this because it had to if it was to survive; it was engaged in strife, strife with pagans, heretics, and—for a long time—government itself. Strife, as we use it here, is but another word for faith in one's own cause, and it is entirely possible that faith, especially if it is faith in something bigger than oneself, or the lack of it may provide the general answer we are seeking.

THE charge for the responsibility of antiquity's collapse must, of course, be placed at Rome's door. As we look back on all ancient history, we see that there had been wonderful adventures in culture, and here the people of Sumer, Egypt, Palestine, and Babylon, of Crete and Mycenae and Greece equaled or surpassed the Romans. There had been early attempts, too, at internationalism, notably by Alexander the Great, the Persians, and the Assyrians, but none succeeded so well or for so long as the Romans. Whether we choose the Roman Republic, which conquered the world, or the Empire, which ruled it, it is the Romans to whom the last chance was offered of creating a worthwhile existence.

That last chance may have occurred during the heyday of the Roman Republic, toward the close of the second century before Christ.

(*Continued on page* 45)



—*From "Outlook."*

The Roman Forum.

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Wasp or Butterfly?

EDGAR JOHNSON

JAMES McNEILL WHISTLER himself devised the symbol of his own personality: the small hieroglyph he carefully signed to his paintings, a formalized butterfly with the writhing sting of a scorpion. The exquisite and tenuous creature summarizes not only the achievements of his art, all harmonies in half-tones and powdered nocturnal mystery, but the venomous wit of his violent controversies. The same qualities may be seen in Whistler's very figure, the slim and defiant little gamecock of a man, elegant in his long fawn-colored frock coat and pointed patent-leather pumps, tossing his well-known lock of white hair like a crest, darting his attenuated cane like a rapier, and uttering his ferocious "Ha! ha!" with the eldritch screech of a peacock. How inevitable that such an artist should have created the Harmonies and Nocturnes, the mist and darkness of his "Old Buttersea Bridge" and "The Falling Rocket"; how inevitable that such a fighter should be a master of witty and annihilating rudeness.

It is in the delineation of this brilliant bellicosity that Hesketh Pearson's "The Man Whistler"* excels. He portrays Whistler's life in a series of ferocious scenes in which the Master quarrels with his very friends and disciples, and, like a miniature Mephistopheles, incessantly taunts the art critics and the academicians and administers one intellectual hotfoot after another to the Philistine public. Let a critic but complain that there are other colors than white in his "Symphony in White," and Whistler scathingly asks if he believes "that a symphony in F contains no other note, but shall be a continued repetition of FFF?" Another, Whistler invites to smell the varnish of a canvas. "It will enable you to discover," he explains kindly, "that the picture is an oil color." Still a third he warns against saying that a painting is not good. "You should say you don't like it, and then, you know, you are perfectly safe. Now come and have something you do like—have some whiskey."

Critics are usually fair game, of course, but Mr. Pearson is a little less than just to Ruskin in his account of the famous libel suit in which Whistler sued Ruskin for dismissing his work as "Cockney impudence . . . flinging a pot of paint in the public's face." Mr. Pearson notes that six months later Ruskin had his first attack of insanity, but explains his onslaught upon Whistler as mainly the dogmatism of a self-important moral crusader. He fails to make clear that Ruskin had already been acting strangely for some time or to point out that he libeled several other people in the same number of *Fors Clavigera* that contained his peevish outburst against Whistler; nor does Mr. Pearson in any way suggest that the man who had indignantly defended Turner's endeavors to paint light and air might, in a clearer state of mind, have understood Whistler's rendering of "the many-colored mists of the distant city."

But Mr. Pearson's injustice to Ruskin is only a part of the fact that Whistler himself is the sole figure in the biography who is dynamically alive. Whistler's mother never becomes vivid, despite her son's devotion to her, nor do his fellow art-students in Paris, nor his later London disciples, nor any of the critics he teased and derided, nor the patrons with whom he furiously quarreled, nor, oddly enough in view of Mr. Pearson's excellent biography of Wilde, even "the amiable, irresponsible, esurient Oscar." And Whistler's own pugilistic vitality would gain in significance if he were seen trouncing more than a crowd of lay-figures.

IN WHISTLER himself, indeed, there is a mystery that Mr. Pearson does not successfully resolve: the secret of his extraordinary and caustic virulence. There is nothing to explain it in Mr. Pearson's rather scanty account of Whistler's childhood and youth in Russia, in Connecticut, or at West Point, nor does it really appear in his art-student days, when his occasional sarcasms are no more than a high-spirited gaiety and his quarrels no more frequent or violent than might be normal in any mettlesome youngster.

His first appearances in the London art world were relatively successful; then, suddenly, in his thirties he

* *THE MAN WHISTLER. By Hesketh Pearson. New York: Harper & Bros. 276 pp. $3.75.*

THE AUTHOR: Hesketh Pearson, a high-speed British biography machine built like a six-foot-two gentleman, has been writing someone or other's life story since he himself was fourteen. His first readers, an intimate circle of other Pearsons, were treated to periodic biographical outbursts Hesketh apparently was then fond of calling "Summarys of famous men's Lives." That phrase evidently has struck generations of dust-jacket writers as possessing just the right combination of cuteness and things-to-come so that, whenever it is *Pearson's* turn to be biographed, it is inevitably thrown in, just the way the cherry tree is in Washington's life. Biography has always fascinated Pearson, and, back in the Twenties—January 27, 1927, to be exact—he said he'd written one book, to quote *The Times*, "because of his general interest in public men and of his desire to entertain and amuse people." Pearson issued that pronunciamento from, of all places, the witness stand during a literary trial in London. Pearson, it seems, had written a gossipy little something called "The Whispering Gallery," published anonymously by a British house. The house had been given to understand that an *ex-diplomat* had written it. When the book appeared, protest swept London. The book was promptly withdrawn, and Pearson was arrested, charged with obtaining a check for £225 on false pretenses. He was eventually acquitted. By that time, the book was doing splendidly in New York. Over the years, the Pearson circle has grown to take in a couple of continents' worth of readers. Today, at sixty-six, Pearson has written more than a dozen full-length biographies; in the last decade alone, five have appeared—"GBS," "Wilde," "Dickens," "GBS: A Postscript," and "Whistler." Like any writer worth his salt, Pearson has been many things: shipping-clerk, salesman, soldier, and free-lance journalist. He was even an actor, appearing in New York in 1930 in G. B. Stern's "The Matriarch." For some reason, he was not mentioned in Brooks Atkinson's review. Just about then, however, Pearson quit the stage to devote himself single-mindedly to the writing of biography, and he hasn't put man down since.

—BERNARD KALB.

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started on what became his lifelong career of provoking misunderstanding by vituperation and insult. Though Mr. Pearson's attempts to account for this sudden violence in terms of Whistler's self-imposed exile from America, his rootlessness in Europe ("a citizen without a city . . . a tropical flower in a temperate climate"), his unfashionable originality as an artist, his reaction against an inborn puritanism, are all suggestive, they do not pierce to the heart of the mystery. Alexander Pope was no less waspish though at home, prosperous, and the most popular poet of his day. We see Whistler very clearly in Mr. Pearson's pages, this sparkling and stinging little figure, but it remains a fascinating enigma; to the end the scorpion-butterfly is also partly a sphinx.

Mr. Pearson succeeds far better in presenting Whistler's services to art. He justly emphasizes the fact that Whistler "initiated the Japanese influence which was to revolutionize interior decoration throughout England." And Mr. Pearson does Whistler the service of allowing him to speak for himself in voicing his principles:

"One wants the spirit, the aroma, don't ye know? If you paint a young girl, youth should scent the room; if a thinker, thought should be in the air; an aroma of personality. . . . And with all that, it should be a picture, a pattern, an arrangement, a harmony, such as only a painter could conceive." For the anecdotal or literary in painting Whistler had nothing but scorn. Of his own "Harmony in Grey and Gold," a snow scene with a black figure moving through the dark to a brightly lighted tavern, he explained, "Now that to me is a harmony of color only. I care nothing for the past, present, or future of the black figure—placed there because the black was wanted at that very spot.

"All I know is that my combination of grey and gold satisfies my artistic feelings." And sometimes in presenting the vision of his art, the painter rose to heights of enchanted eloquence: "When the evening mist clothes the riverside with poetry, as with a veil, and the poor buildings lose themselves in the dim sky, and the tall chimneys become campanili . . . then . . . Nature, who, for once has sung in tune, sings her exquisite song to the artist alone, her son and her master—her son in that he loves her, her master in that he knows her."

Edgar Johnson, author of the recent book "Charles Dickens: His Tragedy and Triumph," is professor of English literature at the City College of New York.

Above the Stream of Time

ALLAN NEVINS

FOR the third time in our history, a movement for recording in systematic form the writings of our major statesmen seems lifting its tidal current to a crest. The *London Times Literary Supplement* recently remarked upon the superior diligence of Americans in this special area. Where, it asked, are the Collected Writings of Peel, of Palmerston, of Disraeli, of Gladstone? Why have not Englishmen done for them what Americans have now done for so many leaders in the long line from Benjamin Franklin to Theodore Roosevelt?

Let us not vaunt ourselves too hastily upon a supposed superiority to British and French scholarship or enterprise. The comparatively short span of American history, and the desire of a patriotic (or nationalistic) population to endow itself as rapidly as possible with a dignified past, help account for our diligence. Then, too, statesmanship has until lately been our one field of great distinction. British scholarship has busied itself with complete critical editions of the British literary classics, for example; classics for which we have no match. It has had to reach far back into the past with such tremendous documentary compilations as the Rolls Series. As our garden is so small, and as it contains few glowing beds of literary flowers, political leaders have received more attention; particularly since several of them—Franklin, Jefferson, and Lincoln in particular—appertain to American literature as much as Burke pertains to British. Perhaps, too, our political habits and Presidential system of government exalt the individual leader a bit more than the quieter British party struggle and the British ministerial system.

But whatever the reason, we have done exceptionally well with the papers of our political chieftains, and, what is more, in three successive waves of effort have constantly improved our methods. Jared Sparks, the leader and inspirer of our first school of editors, represented what we may frankly call the Filiopietistic Era. He rose to prominence at a period when the Fathers of the nation, regarded rather realistically by the Sons, began to be held in special veneration by the Grandsons. Beginning with the writings of George Washington in twelve volumes, 1834-37, and the works of Benjamin Franklin in ten volumes, 1836-40, Sparks gave the young republic more than a hundred volumes.

Sparks was an explorer rather than a scientist. Though indefatigable in his researches, untiring in his travels, and skilful in his selections, he was inexact and old-fashioned in method. Celebrating our heroic age, he could not bear to let vulgar touches mar the classic pose of his heroes; and his editorial looseness infected his contemporaries. When the editor of the Congressionally-supported edition of James Madison's "Letters and Other Writings" found young Madison, in need of money, writing his father, "Unless liberal principles prevail on this occasion, I shall be under the necessity of selling a negro," what did he do with so embarrassing a statement? He simply struck it out.

After the Filiopietistic Era, the Centennial Era; for it was natural that a revival of memorial fervor should attend the celebrations of the years 1776-89. Here the leader was a figure who deserves more credit for his varied contributions to American culture than he has received: George Haven Putnam. He had heroically proved his devotion to country in the Civil War. In his memoirs he tells us that his publishing firm set to work in 1884 by persuading Henry Cabot Lodge,

Allan Nevins is professor of American history at Columbia University. He has written many works on the Civil War period, including "The Emergence of Lincoln" and "Ordeal of the Union."

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who had been one of Henry Adams's prize students at Harvard, to edit the works of Alexander Hamilton. Almost simultaneously they commissioned John Bigelow to edit the writings of Benjamin Franklin. Then, under the inspiration of the unrolling centennial years, came Worthington C. Ford's edition of Washington's writings, Paul Leicester Ford's of Jefferson, Moncure D. Conway's of Thomas Paine, H. P. Johnston's of John Jay, and several other sets.

A worthy effort this was, if to the present-day eye rather too amateurish. Lodge lived in three worlds, political, social, and scholarly, and absolute scholarship demands absolute devotion. He found Hamilton a congenial figure, and edited him with far more objectivity than had the early family historian J. C. Hamilton; but we need a better version of the works of the great Federalist leader. Moncure D. Conway was a fine humanist of genuine literary gifts, but not a professional scholar; and the same may be said of John Bigelow. H. P. Johnston was not a historian of distinction, nor a man trained in exact editorial method, and his edition of Jay has needed heavy correction and supplementation. H. A. Cushing, who edited the writings of Samuel Adams in the Putnam series, was uncritical, and excessively parsimonious of editorial material. The brothers Ford were of course highly cultivated scholars. But Paul Leicester Ford, the gifted novelist whose Brooklyn house was a fortress of half a dozen kinds of literary effort, had the temperament of a wilful amateur. As George Haven Putnam expressed it, he was eccentric, and "the task in the publishing house of bringing it [the works of Jefferson] into print under the perverse and exacting methods of the editor was by no means an easy one."

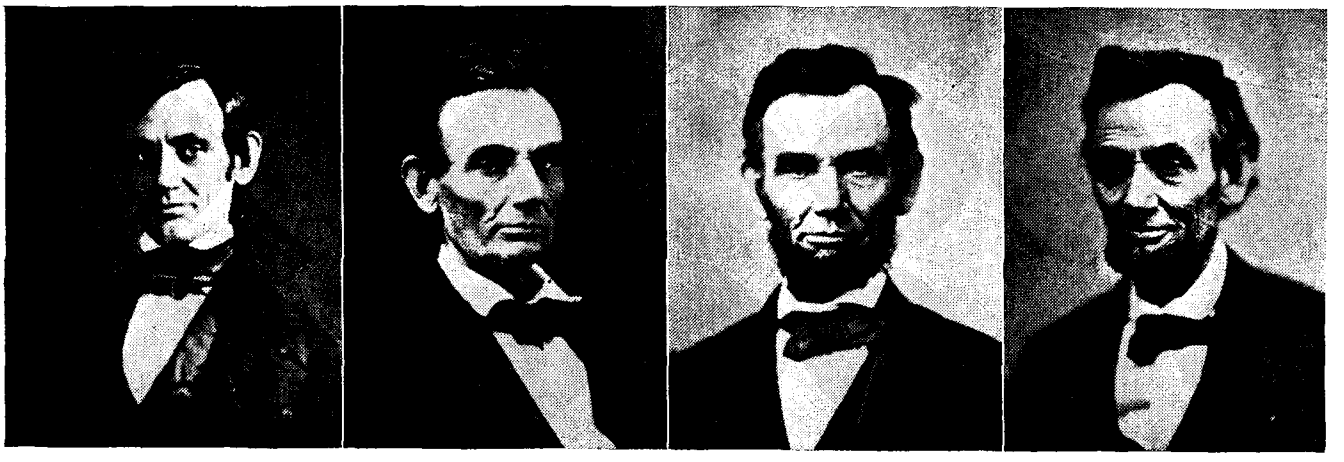
Altogether, the Centennial Era in the collection and editing of the works of our great statesmen was a manifest improvement upon the Filiopiestic Era, and endowed us with a number of sets of enduring value. The editions of Bigelow, Lodge, the Ford brothers are well worth the prices charged when they (rarely) come into the market today. Room remained, however, for another great effort.

The effort has come. It was ushered in by Gaillard Hunt's edition of the writings of James Madison in the first decade of this century, and by a little known set, John Bassett Moore's twelve-volume works of James Buchanan, 1908-11, a model piece of editorial labor and a compilation of surprising interest. John C. Fitzpatrick's almost overpowering edition of Washington's writings, and E. C. Burnett's monumental "Letters of Members of the Continental Congress" carried the impulse forward. Today we see in progress the papers of Thomas Jefferson, under the editorship of Julian P. Boyd, in a minimum of fifty volumes; and the letters of Theodore Roosevelt, edited by Elting E. Morison in eight large volumes, of which six have appeared, the two others to come out this year. A much-needed collection of the writings of John C. Calhoun is just being gotten under way by Dr. Robert L. Meriweather. All this represents the Era of Exact Scholarship—and fortunately something more as well.

For while expertness and precision are hallmarks of the newer editorial enterprises, they are leavened by the amateur spirit and the literary impulse. The pedant aims at technical completeness. But Julian P. Boyd tells us that in dealing with Jefferson's papers, technical completeness would be ruinous. It would load the work with rubbish—or as he puts it, enhance the already serious danger "of inundating the central core of Jefferson's papers with a flood of sometimes important though irrelevar archives."

Now, in eight beautifully produce volumes of Lincoln's writings (th ninth is the index volume), Roy I Basler and his associates have pei formed a remarkable work.* The have not only given us an almo definitive corpus of the letter speeches, and public papers of on of the two greatest Americans; the have so enriched these materials b their editorial toil as to cast a brigl new shaft of light upon the whol period of Lincoln's prominence, 1854 65, and particularly upon the Civ War years. They have proved tha editorial work can be an art as we as an exercise in precise and thor ough scholarship.

It is the great merit of their labor that every document here is given-



The face of Lincoln during his public career: at left, the first known photograph; at right, the last—a famous Brady.

succinctly, factually, accurately, an yet sometimes imaginatively—wha historical setting it deserves, if i merits any; and this bathes it in light which often enriches its meanin in an unexpected way. They have surprising number of new document After all, the Abraham Lincoln Asso ciation, under its guiding spirit, Loga Hay, and such expert heads as Pau Angle, Benjamin P. Thomas, Harr Pratt, and W. E. Baringer, had dili gently collected materials for man years. More than a hundred librarie which contain Lincoln material, an scores of private collectors, had co operated. Here are a previously un published fragment of 1847 on th tariff; a letter on taxation; a ver human reprimand to a peeping-tor army captain; an epistle which averte a duel between two of Lincoln's bes friends; the successive revisions o his first message to Congress in 1861–

*THE COLLECTED WORKS OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN. Roy P. Basler, Editor. Mario Dolores Pratt and Lloyd A. Dunlap, Assistan Editors. New Brunswick, N. J.: Rutgers Uni versity Press. Nine vols. $115.

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o name but a few of the finds. Everywhere scrupulous care has been taken o present an exact text. But it is the editorial apparatus that enables us to hear the clatter of commissary wagons and the echoes of Capitol Hill oratory.

Let us give a few minor examples. Lincoln is badgered in the late summer of 1864 by a Buffalo gentleman o write a political letter for a mass meeting; he starts one, realizes that his will loose an avalanche of such requests, and shuts up the Buffalonan with a curt, polite note. We have he false start as well as the note. A etter to General Canby in Louisiana springs into tragic meaning when various government documents reveal ts background. Some Union sympahizers in western Louisiana had been emporarily liberated by Banks's illtarred Red River expedition and had aken the oath of allegiance; his rereat left them harried and starving; Lincoln's heart was wrung by the hought of their predicament—and he mplored Canby to attempt a rescue which proved impossible.

Some Tennesseans called on Lincoln October 22, 1864, with a protest against the highhanded acts of Military Governor Andrew Johnson in heir state. The harried President, uspecting a political motive, lost his emper. "May I inquire how long it ook you and the New York politicians o concoct that paper?" he demanded. They expostulated. Well, said Lincoln, I expect to let the friends of George 3. McClellan manage their side of the ontest in their own way, and I will nanage my side of it in *my* way."

All the immortal documents are lone full justice by Dr. Basler and his ssociates: the house-divided speech, he Lincoln-Douglas debates (both ides in an improved report), the two naugurals, the Gettysburg address five autograph drafts and various ewspaper versions), the Mrs. Bixby etter (no authentic manuscript exsts), the great letter to J. C. Conking, the final speech on Reconstruction. Exactness of text, precision of nnotation, adequacy of historical ackground—all are here. No statesnan, not even Jefferson, gains so nuch from a reading of his works as Lincoln. Intellectual power and spiritual depth shine from his later writngs with refulgent warmth. Until ow we have had to read Lincoln in iecemeal fashion; part of him in the Nicolay and Hay collection, part in the Gilbert Tracy volume, part in Paul Angle's addendum, and so on. Now hat he can be read complete and conecutively, he grows (as he has contantly grown) in stature. He belongs o the ages, said Stanton beside the leathbed; and these collected works will assuredly be used for ages to come.

Contour of the Past

THE BUFFALO WALLOW: A Prairie Boyhood. By Charles Tenney Jackson. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 253 pp. $3.

By Kenneth S. Davis

CHARLES DICKENS, as Edgar Johnson reminds us in his new biography, was intensely irritated by the "witless worshipers of the good old times" who were very sure that improvements made in the general standard of living had produced a degenerate race. I'm afraid that some of the same irritation may be produced in many readers by the attitude which Charles Tenney Jackson takes toward the materials of his latest book, an account of two years of his boyhood on the almost empty plains of central Nebraska early in the 1880's. If so, 'tis a pity, for the materials themselves are interesting and valuable as Americana.

In those far-off years, Mr. Jackson was "Chick," living with his cousin Ellis and his uncle and aunt, Lige and Effie, in a sod house on a virtually treeless prairie. He was an orphan, had never been more than a few miles from the "soddy," and, since the house contained but two books, a Bible that was never read and a cheap romantic novel which was too much read by Effie, he and Ellis were appallingly ignorant of the world. The school they attended for a few months in mid-winter was primitive in the extreme, and Mr. Jackson seems to take pride in the resistance he made as a boy to any kind of learning out of books.

The center of his boyhood playworld was a buffalo wallow on the West Eighty of Lige's land, forty feet across and six feet deep, made by countless generations of buffalo as, at shedding time, they sought to ease the itching of their hides. This West

Eighty was the last virgin prairie on Lige's farm, and an early crisis recorded in the book was caused by Lige's determination to "first break it," come spring. In vain did the two boys, by various devices, seek to keep Lige so occupied with other matters that he'd "fergit" his decision—but when the "first breakin'" began, Lige's team, as he said, just shied away from the wallow. Refused to cross it. It was Lige's design, and the boys', that the wallow remain forever unplowed, but when Ellis and Chick saw it fifty years later, it had disappeared beneath a sea of corn, with only a slight depression in the field to mark where it had been.

That wallow was the focal point of the boys' adventures. From it they ventured thirty miles to the east, the west, the north, the south on exploring expeditions, coming to a river with the first large trees they'd ever seen, the first railroad they'd ever seen, the first town with more than one store, and encountering, too, a prairie fire from which they narrowly escaped, a band of dirty hungry Indians far different from what they'd expected Indians to be, and a Republican political rally from which (with a contempt for "politics" which Mr. Jackson seems still to retain) they virtuously retreated. Across the wallow one stormy night stampeded the last herd of longhorns to pass through that country from the Texas trail, leaving behind an ancient steer too feeble to go on. Fed by the boys for a couple of months, that steer saved their lives during a December blizzard which trapped them in the wallow as they struggled to come home from school. All night they huddled against the steer's body for warmth—the steer's last warmth, as it turned out, because the animal was dead by morning.

Mr. Jackson also tells of Effie's successful effort to get Earl, the cowhand who wintered with them, to quit his roving cowboy ways and settle down with a German neighbor girl as his bride; of Marion Marlow, Earl's friend, whose wild ways led to jail; and in general of bleak, unwashed lives whose harsh outlines may seem to many readers a contradiction of the author's thesis that "those were the days," much preferable to the lives of Nebraska children today. The "freedom" so glowingly spoken of would be slavery to most people. It consisted for the most part of negative things: Chick didn't have to study, he didn't have to take baths, he didn't have to listen to the radio (I'll confess that this "negative" *might* be deemed a positive value), and in general he didn't have to submit to that social regulation of private impulses which civilized living required.

The book has its moments of truth and beauty—more than enough to make it worth reading by lovers of regional Americana.

Kenneth S. Davis is the author of "Morning in Kansas" and other novels of the Great Plains area.

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Red Over Cayuga

THE BUILDER: A Biography of Ezra Cornell. By Philip Dorf. New York: The Macmillan Co. 459 pp. $5.

By Whitney Balliett

IT IS high time that we had a good new biography of Ezra Cornell. "The Builder" is the work of a retired teacher and historian named Philip Dorf, and it manages, not without some extra huffing and puffing, to blow life into the image that has come down to us of that tough, stern visionary. In so doing, Mr. Dorf has rightly assumed that if Cornell University in Ithaca, New York, is well known, it is not widely enough known that its founder also helped create the Western Union Telegraph Company, was an excellent agriculturist, an able politician, and one of America's first philanthropists.

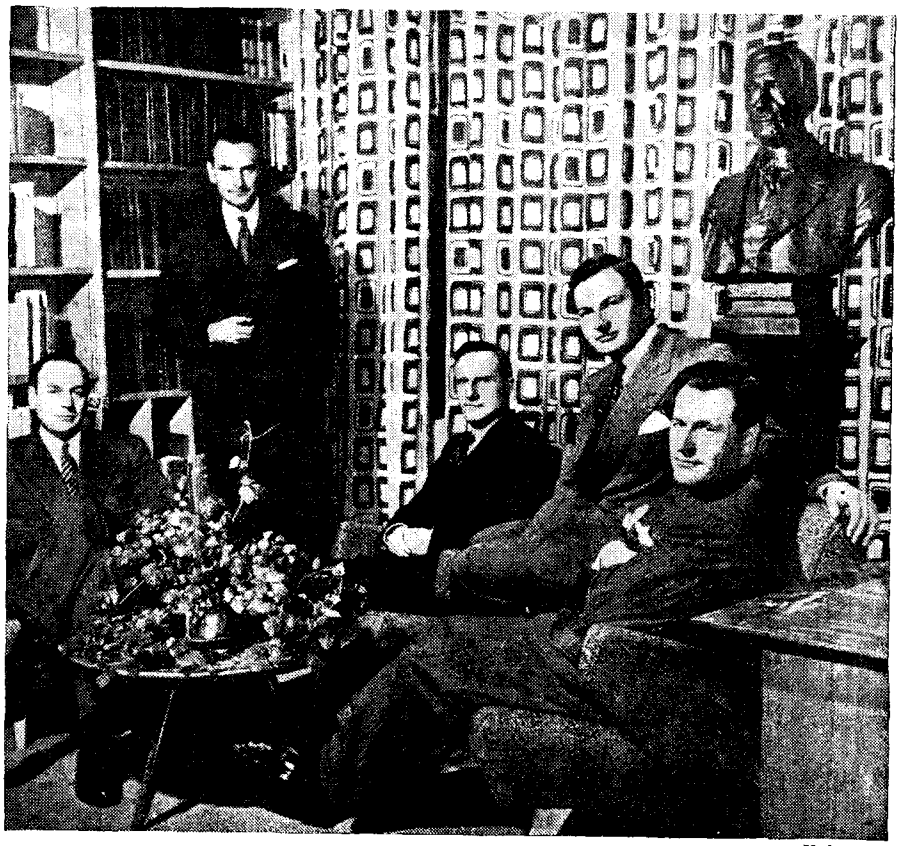
The first of eleven children, Cornell was born in 1807 of poor Quaker parents in the town of De Ruyter in upstate New York. He went to Ithaca at the age of twenty-one, where he lived for fourteen years as a carpenter, mechanic, mill foreman, farmer, and salesman. In 1842, on a selling trip to Portland, Maine, he stumbled upon the man who was trying to design a machine that could lay cable for Samuel Morse's telegraph. Cornell designed one, and was hired to supervise the construction of the first telegraph line in the country (What hath God wrought?), which ran between Baltimore and Washington, D. C.

Quick to sense the possibilities of the telegraph, he spent the next thirteen years struggling to build or buy section after section of telegraph line throughout the Northeast and Midwest in the face of a skeptical public, poor equipment, weather, swindlers, accidents, and, worst of all, a lack of funds.

At times he was so poor—whatever profit he made was put into the next piece of line, or sent to his wife and children in Ithaca—that he was forced to exist on fifteen cents a day, and once, in New York, he had to borrow two dollars to buy a badly needed pair of pants. Finally, in 1855, when his debts and lawsuits were crowding him to the wall for the last time, a merger was effected in the Midwest between three of his lines and two rival lines, which he named Western Union. Five years later, as the company's biggest stockholder, Cornell's pigheadedness had made him a millionaire.

Back in Ithaca, he resumed his farming and rapidly became a leading agriculturist. He spent several terms in the state legislature, built one of the earliest public libraries for Ithaca, dabbled in kerosene refining, and became interested in the idea of a college of agriculture. In 1864 he met Andrew D. White, who already had a reputation as a teacher and officeholder, and the two men, despite an age difference of twenty-six years, soon found that they neatly complemented one another. With the failure of two recently started land-grant colleges in New York State, Cornell as the practical man, and White as the humanitarian, drew up a charter for a truly liberal university that would be non-sectarian, co-educational, and a working balance of the arts and sciences. Although such a radical prospectus staggered the clergy and conservative laymen of the time, Cornell proceeded to pour almost a million dollars into the project over the next four years, while White scouted Europe and the United States for a faculty and equipment. On October 7, 1868, the "godless university," as it was called, opened the doors of two completed buildings to four hundred students. Ezra Cornell died just six years later, his second vision already fact.

Whitney Balliett, a member of the staff of The New Yorker, *is a graduate of Mr. Cornell's "godless university."*



—*Halsman.*

The Rockefellers—"the greatest tribute paid to Mr. and Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr."

Oil & Civics

THOSE ROCKEFELLER BROTHERS. By Joe Alex Morris. New York: Harper & Bros. 275 pp. $3.50.

By Carl Bridenbaugh

THE five Rockefeller brothers—John, Laurance, Nelson, Winthrop, David—are young men of good will whose ambition it is to perform good works and at the same time to demonstrate that capitalism can still make money. This is certainly a laudable aim, and the means by which the brothers seek to implement it form the subject matter of Mr. Morris's book. Since all five are still in their late thirties or early forties, this cannot be a story of great achievement in industry such as might be written of the first John, or of the philanthropic successes of the second; it is an account of aspirations and of limited accomplishments which may in time assume greater proportions. It is an American idyl of the last decade. Here we learn what the brothers are dreaming of and doing, but the boners, failures, the inevitable disagreements, the bad advice received, the times when they did throw their weight around—these aspects of the careers of five rich young men, which

(*Continued on page* 43)

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Love & Geography

HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

FREDERIC PROKOSCH's talent for descriptive narrative in romantic prose has led him to create a unique form—the novel of geography touched with nostalgia. Almost uniformly his books are journey books. In "The Asiatics" (1935) the hero wanders from Beirut to Haiphong on the China coast, and at the end is "feeling very happy." In "The Seven Who Fled" (1937) we work our way from the extreme eastern rim of Sinkiang province to the Hoang-Ho—at least the reader does, for most of the seven give out en route. In "The Skies of Europe" (1941) the hero visits the Continental countries just before the storm breaks in 1939. "Night of the Poor" (1939) runs from Tennessee to Texas; "Storm and Echo" (1948) gropes through a jungle of flora, fauna, and primitive tribes in central Africa; and "Age of Thunder" (1945) leads us out of France into Switzerland during the German occupation. Even books like "The Conspirators" (1943), which is staged in Lisbon, and "The Idols of the Cave" (1946), which is laid in New York, do not avoid geography: the characters, who are cosmopolitans, come from the ends of the earth to an international city.

In an introduction to "The Asiatics" Carl Van Doren classifies that novel as an imaginary voyage. I think this is not quite accurate. Mr. Prokosch takes pains to be exact. In "Nine Days to Mukalla,"* his latest book, you can follow on a map the fortunes of the four plane-wrecked Europeans from Qmar (Kamar) Bay on the southern Arabian coast to Mukalla (Mokalla), some two hundred miles east of Aden. Three of them die, but the quartet have the usual adventures among picturesque natives, primitive cultures, hatred, fatigue, and love. In this volume, as in its predecessors, casual copulation (which never results in pregnancy), personal bravery, inexplicable psychology of men "closer to Nature," and a kind of weary backward glance at Europe make up the tale. Philosophic discourse unimpeded by linguistic barriers flows on concerning sex, happiness, death, honor, and fatality. As elsewhere, the Europeans do not act, but are acted upon, yet the hero and the heroine mysteriously arouse the loyalty of two natives.

Mr. Prokosch is, of course, a good many cuts above Stoddard's lectures or the travelogues of Burton Holmes. He is often above the level of E. Phillips Oppenheim, and he is sometimes on the level of Conrad, but it is difficult to define the quality of his achievement. It does not especially lie in the creation of character. His hero is virtually anonymous in every book. His women are seldom more than sexual machines. The natives of the several countries are carefully drawn, are picturesque, are probable enough to evoke a suspension of disbelief, but whether they are African blacks, primitive Southerners, or, as in this case, Bedouins, they remain, so to speak, brilliant anthropological pawns.

Nor is the theme especially notable in these stories. In "The Seven Who Fled" de la Scaze, a sort of Pierre Loti, acquires a native follower, dreams of a "lovely, elusive woman's shape" ("Why are you so sad, master?"), remembers his "early loves," and dies of love and cholera. In "The Skies of Europe" a Russian *femme fatale* haunts the anonymous hero while he wanders over central Europe. In all the books there is a kind of race between love and exhaustion, between primitive vitality and a kind of rich Viennese melancholy that drives Europeans to their doom. But these characters and this attitude are not unique.

What holds these books together is, I think, sheer craftsmanship. Mr. Prokosch is a sort of Berlioz in prose. He has one of the most marvelous descriptive pens now at work. Consider, as an instance, this vignette of an aged French invalid in Teheran, from "The Asiatics":

"A face like a mask, quite lifeless and expressionless except for the eyes peering with an amazing keenness over the blue-gray pouches which hung above and beneath them. Her mouth was only a scarlet line, her neck a labyrinth of wrinkles, her hands two porcelain claws, her hair an artificial scarlet mass of curls, a great wilted peony. But her eyes, as she saw me, grew narrow and brilliant."

This has the clean precision the Imagists sought in their poetry, it has the effortless visuality of Stephen Crane's famous sun, pasted like a red wafer in the sky, and you feel, if the woman does not exist, she ought to have existed.

Unfortunately for us, as soon as she opens her mouth, the mode changes:

"I am still deeply excited by life: it still sets me trembling. You must forgive me. The mere presence of youth, my dear boy, makes my heart beat more quickly . . . Tell me, my pretty friend, what do you think of life?"

THIS is neither realism nor actuality, but the kind of philosophical discourse with which these novels, admirable in so many other respects, are overstuffed.

"Nine Days to Mukalla" adds little to Mr. Prokosch's stature, however much it may add to his repertory. Yet, it is a better book than, say, "Age of Thunder," because the philosophizing is held down, and it is a more readable book than "Night of the Poor," which was just another novel about the poor whites of the South. It is more compressed than "The Seven Who Fled," quite as picturesque, and somewhat better modelled. Stylistically, it ranks with his best work, filled as it is with virtuoso effects from the first pages ("the sea was warm as a paw") to the modulated ending:

"A breeze ruffled the sea; the great sails stirred uneasily. The air seemed filled with a muted lamentation. Then all was still; the birds grew silent; the sails sagged; the waves died. Night fell, reaching out over the sea from Tamridah, and the donkey-bells tinkled as they started on their way to the mountains."

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*NINE DAYS TO MUKALLA. By Frederic Prokosch. New York: The Viking Press. 249 pp. $3

Howard Mumford Jones, professor of English at Harvard University, is the author of many volumes on literature, including the recently published "Bright Medusa."

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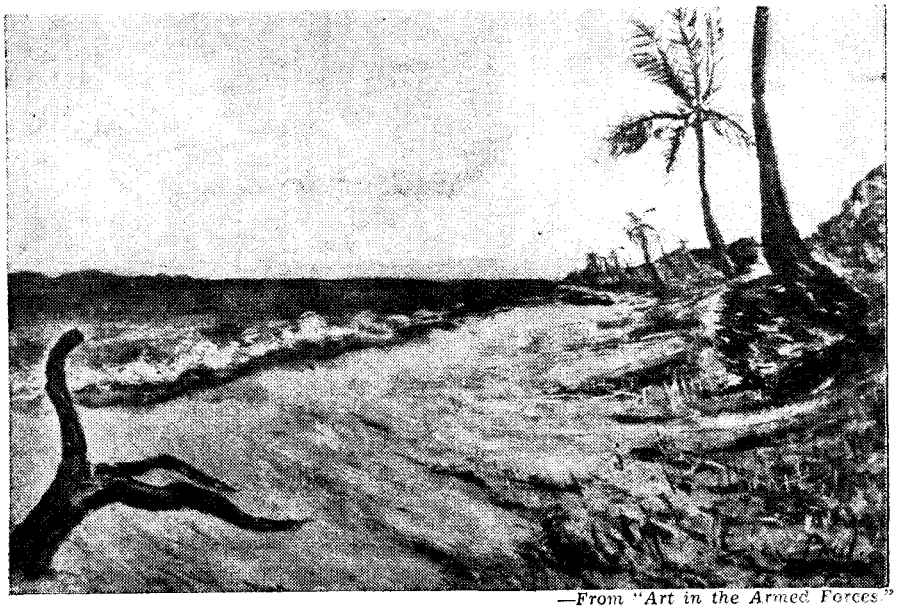

—From "Art in the Armed Forces."

"Tetere Beach, Guadalcanal," by Paul R. Ellsworth, USMC.

War Before Youth

VIEW FROM THE AIR. By Hugh Fosburgh. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 295 pp. $3.50.

By W. R. Burnett

LIKE Mr. Fosburgh's first novel, "The Hunter," this novel of U.S. airmen in the Pacific Theatre in World War II seems, if inattentively read, like a plain, unvarnished tale of action, suspense, and violent death; but actually it is much more than that.

There is practically no story at all in the conventional sense. In a few curt, rather offhand scenes we become acquainted with a handful of men, and see them in civilian life and learn about their wives, their sweethearts, their families, their problems: Gibson, the college man, an associate editor of a magazine, who is scared of flying, so, for the good of his soul, decides to become a flyer; Mike Luca, second-generation Italian, unhappy with his wife, and at loose ends generally; Homer Lovely, a big, overgrown kid from the backwoods, not too far, actually, from Li'l Abner, but nevertheless a fresh and amusing character; and Chester Biggers, a poor bewildered divinity student who should never have been in the Air Force in the first place and cracks up eventually in an extremely embarrassing manner.

This disparate handful of men is brought into a precarious unity by being assigned, as part of the crew, to a B-24 bomber; and the rest of the book deals with their exploits, their fears, their anguish, and their fine triumphs. The writing swings from an absolute excellence, hardly matched by any American writer, to a slipshod carelessness at times capable of a phrase like "toothless lips." But it is neither the writing nor the meager story structure which makes this one of the most interesting American novels I've ever read; it is the highly individual personality behind the book; the honest, untrammeled, clear-eyed thinking; the deep digging into the emotional complexity of man's nature, particularly man under the stress of fear, or under the stress of his little-understood and generally glossed-over predatory instincts. Man, looked at closely, minus the philosophical, political, and esthetic veils which are usually thrown round him, emerges as the most dangerous animal that has ever been on the face of the globe.

Mr. Fosburgh is solidly aware of this fact and faces it without hypocrisy or fear, and as a result his vision is sharp-focused and original, and his books have extremely unusual overtones.

He has not hit his true stride yet, and there is much to quarrel with in this novel. At times there is a sort of piecemeal effect, as if separate short stories had been strung together, and, at least to me, the ending is completely lacking in rightness. But all this is minor.

As for the description of the flying itself, there is nothing I know to equal it with the exception of the work of Saint-Exupéry, and this really puts Mr. Fosburgh up in the big leagues.

A Faith-Singer

SWORDS OF ANJOU. By Mario Pei. New York: The John Day Co. 310 pp. $3.50.

By Lon Tinkle

Like a good beginning, a good idea is half the battle. Professor Mario Pei of Columbia, who has shown marked talent in making linguistics accessible to the popular mind, has both an excellent beginning and an excellent idea in his "historical" novel, "Swords of Anjou." Like his hero, Thierry of Anjou, who defended Charlemagne against the treason of Ganelon, author Pei certainly wins his battle.

He may have succeeded less amply than he may feel in "re-creating the medieval mind," but he has indisputably composed a stirring and intensely readable narrative.

And above all, he has found a refreshingly novel form of the historical tale. In essence, Mario Pei has cunningly compounded several famous medieval *chansons de geste* and preserved their eleventh-century mood along with their eleventh-century doughty deeds.

The best historical novels achieve this fidelity of mood, but most of the current product invests historic events of past times with characters either timelessly universal or hopelessly of the twentieth century. (Such a current success as "Désirée," for example, seems more an excursion into the eternally feminine, with its excessively womanish and resolutely coy point of view, than into the authentic mood of experience under Napoleon.)

Since the epics which scholar-novelist Pei has combined so readably into a mosaic of arch adventure are epics firmly set in medieval manners, "Swords of Anjou" avoids the pitfalls of peopling the past with contemporary personalities and of ignoring the spiritual context of the past epoch.

Working with the imaginative freedom of the authors of the epic tales that splintered from the great treasure-house of "The Song of Roland," Professor Pei has written a tale of simple psychology but of overwhelming plot interest. The monk Turoldus presumably composed "The Song of Roland" with propagandistic intent: to foster religious pilgrimages (or as Professor Pei says, to arouse enthu-

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siasm for the freeing of the Holy Land from the Saracens). He wished to offer a parable of bravery and sacrifice. But his epic had its great success and its multiple imitations largely because "The Song of Roland" struck a fresh note in combining spiritual aspirations with mighty deeds of heroism in the here-and-now. Turoldus chose legend about Charlemagne and his indecisive campaign to expel the Moors from Spain because Turoldus felt that the three-century old (for him) material was easy for his audience to understand. He was right. Especially, the medieval audience understood the human passions of love, loyalty, revenge, conspiracy, and heroism that informed Roland and Oliver, and Turpin and Charlemagne, and the traitors Ganelon and Pinabel.

Unaccountably overlooked by the many tales deriving from the swashbuckling adventures of Roland and his *comperes* was the heroic knight, Thierry of Anjou.

It is the story of Thierry and his brother Huon that Mr. Pei tells, and he adds for good measure a lovely heroine of his own creation, Thierry's beautiful Christian sweetheart from Spain, Elvira. Mr. Pei draws chiefly on "The Song of Roland," the "Huon de Bordeaux," the "Pélerinage de Charlemagne à Jérusalem," and the "Couronnement de Louis" for his account.

The story reads with breathless movement. The sheer pleasure of vigorous narrative, founded on such primitive emotions as jealousy, braggadocio, rashness, true bravery, acquisitiveness, above all revenge, is proved again to be entirely legitimate.

The simplicity which Mr. Pei preserves endows his novel with authenticity.

Leonard Bishop—"belief in love."

Down on 8th

DAYS OF MY LOVE. By Leonard Bishop. New York: Dial Press. 506 pp. $4

By Benjamin Appel

THE acknowledgment on the last page of Leonard Bishop's novel informs the reader that with the exception of two weeks, "this book was written in the late hours of the night" at Hector's Cafeteria, on Forty-second Street just off Broadway. "Days of My Love" is a story of New York by a native New Yorker, and yet it is revealing about the author's style to note that the sights, sounds, and smells of the big town are nearly always presented through the filtered consciousness of his characters. So much so that Mr. Bishop's New York could be almost any large city.

"Days of My Love" is the detailed story of five characters, lost, but seeking in the stone jungle of the American city. Besides David Jorusilmski, the Jewish immigrant come to America, there is his fat, stingy wife, Belle; his daughter Joy who wants to be an artist; her lover, the would-be writer, Ab Kipps, the son of a Quaker minister; and Yussel Greenbaum, the promoter and David's best friend.

The central theme of the book is: Where can a man or a woman go in these troubled times and know himself as a human being? David, the shabby salesman, quits his job to become a partner of Yussel Greenbaum in the charity racket. Yussel's credo is simple. As long as there are telephones, no smart man need ever be hungry.

All a smart man has to do is make some arrangement with a church or a hospital. A priest's or a doctor's signature on the fund-raising contracts and a smart man is in business. If the smart man has a heart, perhaps as much as 10 per cent of the total take will trickle back to The Charity. The freshest and juiciest pages of this novel are those dealing with the racket.

David's success alters his Casper Milquetoast relations with his wife, Belle, and he embarks upon a secret affair. Paralleling this emotional involvement is Joy's affair with Ab, who gets Joy pregnant. Joy wants marriage but Ab insists he cannot get married until his first book is published. Joy thinks, "I'm Jewish and you're Gentile . . . what'll happen and who can I go to, my family will chase me out and I'll go to a detention home and maybe some stupid people will get our baby, and he'll grow up without ever knowing our hearts are together in him, don't make me have an abortion."

The personal histories of this small group of characters are developed in minute and often excessive naturalistic detail. Joy wants her baby whether Ab marries her or not; Ab wants to write his book; Belle wants to be young and desirable again; David wants to keep his family together and simultaneously continue his affair. And in some measure they all succeed. They succeed because they are capable of love.

It is this powerful belief in love as a philosophy of life that makes Leonard Bishop's naturalism so very different from the downbeat naturalism current before the Second World War. Midway in this long novel, there is a Greenwich Village party where the aspiring writer, Ab, comments on another writer present who has already published. "He writes like Farrell, tough, naturalistic, passable I'd say." Leonard Bishop, in many respects, also writes like Farrell. He has the same hammering honesty. But he also concerns himself as much with the thoughts of his characters as with their actions. It is a new naturalism where the actions and the thoughts of the characters are both piled up, seemingly without selection, and where the glare of reality is diffused and muted by the novelist's faith in love as a salvaging principle.

Fiction Notes

LIFE ALONG THE BIG INCH: It is in and around an Oklahoma pumping station a little north of the Red River Valley that Edward Tatum Wallace's novel **"The Moon Is Our Lantern"** (Doubleday, $3) finds its setting. The story moves to its pleasing ending as strongly and logically propelled as the crude oil through the buried big inch pipes on its journey to Lake Michigan. It includes a couple of almost effortless seductions that are tactfully, yet lucidly reported. There is some non-violent villainy, including an eviction; a lively struggle between young Robert Farrow, a dispatcher at the station, and his boss; and an appreciatively told story of young love, very young conjugal love. There is also a lesson in tolerance, and in devotion to a free enterprise institution.

Wallace, like other recent Southwestern authors, is concerned with racial tolerance and contrives a nice object lesson. In the South, it's the Negro; along the Mexican border, the Latin, and in Oklahoma it is the Indian. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" didn't reform the slaveholders, though it

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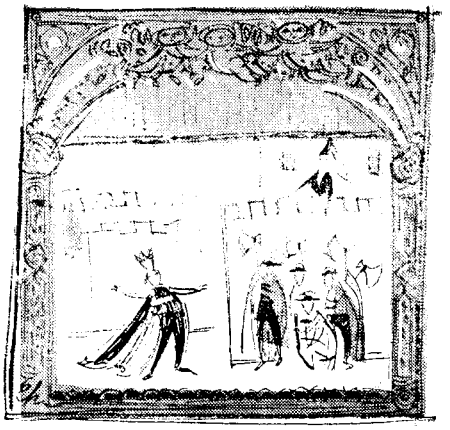
Poetry in the Theatre

CHRISTOPHER FRY



WE CAN be quite sure that whatever I say about poetry and the theatre will be full of prejudice, bias, hobby-horses, almost everything except impartiality. I don't think we have the smallest chance of avoiding it, even if I wanted to, and I don't want to very much. I should like to think that any other playwright would be just as incapable of taking an impersonal view as I am, because any playwright is laying his own world like an egg in the nest of the theatre, and he's deeply concerned in hatching it. A playwright's view of the contemporary theatre is one with his view of the contemporary world, and his view of the contemporary world is one with his view of all time. He's exploring for the truth of the human creature, his truth in comedy or his truth in tragedy, because over and above the drama of his actions and conflicts and everyday predicaments is the fundamental drama of his ever existing at all.

His entrance into the world is almost the greatest entrance ever contrived—only bettered, I imagine, by the entrance of the universe which introduced him. The inescapable dramatic situation for us all is that we have no idea what our situation is. We may be mortal. What then? We may be immortal. What then? We're plunged into an existence fantastic to the point of nightmare, and however hard we rationalize or however firm our religious faith, however closely we dog the heels of science or wheel among the stars of mysticism, we can't really make head or tail of it.

We get used to it. We get broken into it so gradually we scarcely notice it. But if we could shake off custom and descend onto the world without any conception of what we were going to see, we should be like the old woman who looked at the giraffe in the zoo and refused to believe a word of it. I'm not at all sure that I *do* believe a word of it. Let me try now to clear my mind of all knowledge of existence. Yes, of course, it's impossible, but I can try. The only *believable* thing is nothing at all, a no-being, a never-having been; without form, and void. And now I come into existence, and I see my hand lying on the table in front of me, and that one thing alone, the first impact of the hand, is more dramatic than "Hamlet."

What on earth happens, then, when the rest of the world comes to me, when the full phantasmagoria of the commonplace breaks over my head? When the wings and the plumes, the antennae and the antlers, the gills and the nostrils—but we have only to start on a catalogue to know how hopeless our grasp is. Thank God we are no more than partly aware of a little at a time. Reality is incredible, reality is a whirlwind. What we *call* reality is a false god, the dull eye of custom.

I must bring us back to the theatre before you think I'm off on the whirlwind altogether.

For a very long time now, for seventy years at least, in healthy reaction to the romantic fustian of the early and middle years of the nineteenth century, the theatre has pursued this—if I say "surface reality" perhaps I shall mislead you into thinking that I mean "superficiality," but I don't mean that: I mean the reality we have made for ourselves by two million years of getting used to it, the domestication of the enormous miracle; the reality in which we no longer see a moving, articulate, thinking shape, of quite extraordinary design and substance, across the breakfast table, but something which by a long, long process of getting-used-to we have subdued into a gentler image, our wife. And in the theatre of the twentieth century, so far the search has been for this particular reality. We have put four walls around the stage, and obliterated space; used familiar words for Time—such as dinner-time, early-the-same-evening, two-days-later—and obliterated eternity. And because speech (that strange, brilliant, mature achievement of the human animal) has become subdued to a limited game of hit-or-miss, stage dialogue—in its pursuit of the surface reality—goes to the limit of imitation and tinkles in tune with the breakfast cups. It never uses two words where one won't do. And this makes us feel quite at home. It makes us feel we could walk into any room, represented on the stage, and not be out of place. But the truth, surely, the greater reality, is that we *should* be out of place, as in fact in life, if we stop to think, we always are. If we stop pretending for a moment that we were born fully dressed in a service flat, and remember that we were born stark naked into a pandemonium of most unnatural phenomena, then we know how out-of-place, how lost, how amazed, how miraculous we are. And this reality is the province of poetry.

POETRY is the language in which man explores his own amazement. It is the language in which he says heaven and earth in one word. It is the language in which he speaks of himself and his predicament as though for the first time. It has the virtue of being able to say twice as much as prose in half the time, and the drawback, if you don't happen to give it your full attention, of seeming to say half as much in twice the time. And, if you accept my proposition that reality is altogether different from our stale view of it, we can say that poetry is the language of reality.

The other cozier reality of everyday appearances has had a long day in the theatre, and the theatre has profited by it, but we have gone, as the song says, about as far as we can go. We have invaded every room in the house, except perhaps the water-closet, and our escape from that has been a pretty near thing. We have thumped out political tracts, and burrowed with Freud, and the thumping and burrowing have made, at times, a lively theatre, but we cannot live by Freud alone; we're still left with the mystery; Einstein can bend space, but he can't break it; there is still the element of doubt, which is also the element of faith, and the elements we're condemned to live in.

And so, as we've pursued the one kind of realism to a dead end, or at

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This article by Christopher Fry, British playwright, author of "The Lady's Not for Burning" and "Venus Observed," is taken from a talk given on the BBC Third Program.

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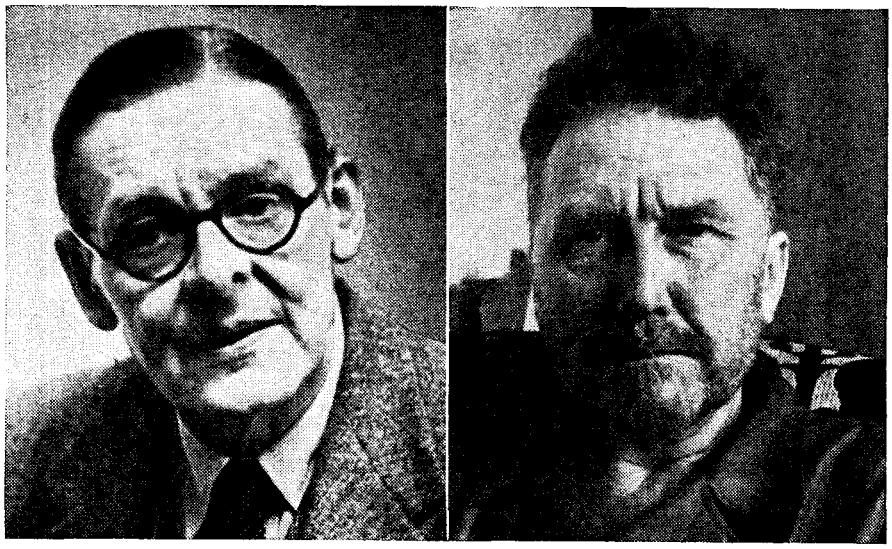
least to an uncertain terminus, the natural thing to do is to pursue the other kind of realism, the kind which I believe to be far more realistic. This second half of the century will see how far that pursuit can go. I may—I hope I haven't but I may have given you the idea that I am proposing a theatre cloudy with insubstantial symbols and spiritual sea-wrack. If I have, let me quickly disabuse you. The facts of reality are the same in the theatre of poetry as they are in the theatre of prose. What is different is their implication. What I am trying to say is what I have said elsewhere, that a spade is never so merely a spade as the word spade would imply. I am asking for the sudden dramatic appearance of a Spade in time and space—now I come to think of it—I am asking for both kinds of realism at once.

This isn't at all a startling request; it's a very old one; but in our lifetime we've got out of the way of making it, and perhaps we shall take a little time to learn to listen to the answer, when the answer comes to be made.

We may notice the spade digging, but not what is dug. And I do want to make it clear to you that I'm not only interested in this possible change in the theatre because a change is due, or even because change is necessary to the theatre's vitality. If a theatre is alive it is alive because it belongs to the life outside its doors, and the life outside its doors isn't such, at the moment, that a change of viewpoint can do any harm. We know what the world looks like, and what the action of men looks like in everyday newspaper terms. The knowledge makes for dismay and a suffocation of the spirit. If the theatre can help us to see ourselves and the world freshly, as though we had just rounded the corner into life, it will be what entertainment should be, a holiday, which sets us up to continue living at the top of our bent, and worth, I think, any amount of admonition and prophesy or the photographic likeness of how we appear by custom. This change of viewpoint would be no escapism or fantasy. Nothing could be so wildly, perilously, incomprehensibly fantastic as reality itself, and we may as well dare to look at it, and like it.

It's a tall order for the theatre to supply, and we still have got no further than looking in the right direction; but the audiences are alert, and so the theatre-managers are alert, to what will come, if we, the playwrights, can bring it in. The temperature of the theatre has been noticeably rising over the past many years

(*Continued on page* 33)



Eliot and Pound—"whom, first, they would destroy."

The Kings Are Dead

W. T. SCOTT

ANY defense of twentieth-century English-American poetry must begin by defending those dominating powers, Ezra Pound and T. S. Eliot. In ages to come, judgment on the poetry of our era may not feel thus obligated at all; that is anyone's guess; but certainly it is true now. And if we hadn't proof of this from the defenders, we should have even surer proof from the attackers; it is Pound and Eliot whom, first, they would destroy. To R. P. Blackmur, whose brilliant essays on modern poetry have at last been collected in one stout volume,* these two names are, with Yeats, the prime names of our poetic era; and to James Devaney, who has written a little and useless book** in the same field, the Pound-Eliot camp and campfollowers are the heretics of true poetry.

The quality of these very different books does not necessarily confirm the "rightness" of one side or the other. It is simply that the difference is—unfortunately for the self-styled "traditionalists" in poetry—that Mr. Blackmur knows what he is talking about.

As a matter of fact, Blackmur is only most incidentally a defender. I have momentarily cast him in the role because of the coincidence in my assignment of Devaney's book. Blackmur is an elucidator, an examiner, an explicator of texts: he is a botanist of the stanza, verse, phrase, even of the single word. From such minute study—using typicalities of this poet and that—he moves to implications of the poet's whole work, and to comprehension of it. There are a lot of critics employing this method, but almost none who avoid the gobbledegook of what they fancy a "scientific method" of criticism; almost none, indeed, who achieve readable English. Blackmur is the rare and rewarding exception. In part it must be that, a poet himself, he never forgets the act of poetry is a greater thing than the act of criticism. In any case, though his criticism has density and asks much of its reader, his carefulness has such intelligence that it insures clarity; he deals in revelation.

Blackmur makes a quotation from I. A. Richards and a comment upon it which together place his essays. Richards: "To recall that poetry is the supreme use of language, man's chief co-ordinating instrument, in the service of the most integral purpose of life; and to explore, with thoroughness, the intricacies of the modes of language as working modes of the mind." To which Blackmur adds: "But I want this criticism, engaged in

*LANGUAGE AS GESTURE. By R. P. Blackmur. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 440 pp. $5.75.

**POETRY IN OUR TIME. By James Devaney. New York: Cambridge University Press. 114 pp. $1.75.

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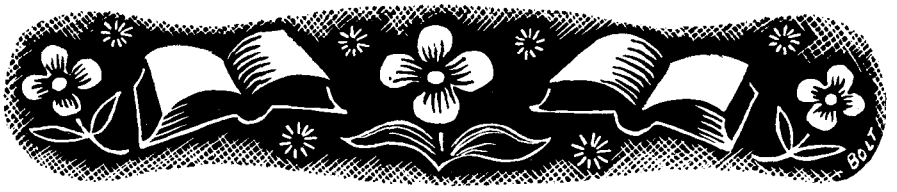

this task, constantly to be confronted with examples of poetry, and I want it so for the very practical purpose of assisting in pretty immediate appreciation of the use, meaning, and value of the language in that particular poetry."

In definition of his title, and again of his approach, Blackmur says "Gesture, in language, is the outward and dramatic play of inward and imaged meaning. It is that play of meaningfulness among words which cannot be defined in the formulas of the dictionary, but which is defined in their use together; gesture is that meaningfulness which is moving, in every sense of that word: what moves the words and what moves us." "Gestures," he says further on, "are the first steps toward the making of symbols . . . "

Even if a reviewer had that unlikely merit, a critical mind as keen as Mr. Blackmur's, he could not comment upon, disagree with, and admire the total conclusions of "Language as Gesture" without engaging in a project excessively beyond the scope of a review.

His twenty-one essays bear dates ranging over the past twenty years. I think the only essay which should have been revised in the light of additional information is that on Emily Dickinson. At least, a little progress has been made in the proper editing of the Dickinson work; and had Blackmur checked Mabel Bingham's "Ancestors' Brocades" he would have found evidence (though perhaps not even there completely understood) of the misprinting of the poem "I got so I could hear his name" which Blackmur thinks goes to pieces at the end.

His essay on Emily Dickinson and that on the shorter poems of Thomas Hardy are his farthest reachings-back. He inclines to summarize Emily, faults and successes together, as a natural. For instance, he seems to think Emily rhymed "badly" because she didn't know any better (which I doubt: she rhymed conventionally enough, at times—though never, I think, in her best poems). And he sounds contradictory when he concludes that "three saving accidents" (cultural crisis, aptitude for language, self-to-objective expression) account for Emily, and then remarks—as to Hardy—that "The theory of accidents in poetry like that of idiopathy in medicine is only a cloak for inadequate observation and explains nothing." In any case—as to Hardy—Blackmur's basic point is that Hardy "violated his sensibility with ideas" (which is what, you may recall, Eliot said Henry James did *not* do): that is, that when Hardy's poems fail they generally fail because of an application of formula, call it mechanized plotting. Most importantly, Blackmur recognizes the continual vitality of the best Dickinson and Hardy poems, and one wishes he had illustrated this more and the flaws less; though, it is true, a critic often functions most helpfully in analysis of failure (as, indeed, in a much smaller way, I am picking at Mr. Blackmur not in spite of my admiration for his essays but because of it).

Many of us who give to Yeats's poetry the very great admiration it deserves have, nonetheless, felt a specialization which limits it; we have not defined this—we have merely felt it. Blackmur at least begins that work of definition. Yeats's "system," he says, worked for the poet about half the time, left him "ad-libbing" the rest. "Yeats commonly hovered between myth and philosophy, except for transcending flashes, which is why he is not one of the greatest poets. His ambition was too difficult for accomplishment; or his gift too small to content him. His curse was not that he rebelled against the mind of his age, which was an advantage for poetry, considering that mind, but that he could not create, except in fragments, the actuality of his age . . . "

As becomes his sort of critic, Blackmur is a lover of language per se. He admires the elegant use of it in Wallace Stevens, the objective use of it in Marianne Moore, the—as he sees it—sentimentally deficient use of it in E. E. Cummings; though, in an essay later than these individual studies, he inclines to write down Miss Moore and Stevens and to succumb (I think more sensibly than in his earlier strictures) to the charm of Cummings.

Perhaps, after all, it depends on what kind of ideas you are being violated by. Eliot, to whom Blackmur gives supreme place in twentieth century poetry, interests him precisely because of the struggle of ideas; and Pound is "neither a great poet nor a great thinker" because "he is all surface and articulation"—and Pound is given a high place chiefly as a free-wheeling translator possessed of an incomparable ear.

I shan't argue to what extent Blackmur seems to me "wrong" or "right" in his judgments. I suspect his canon as too fashionable, and that some contemporaries whom he ignores or dismisses—Frost, Jeffers, Robinson, for examples—are not going to be found as inferior as Blackmur supposes. I think, too, that Blackmur, like all explicators of text, tends to forget—if not so frequently nor humorlessly as most—a remark of Yeats's which Blackmur himself quotes: "When I come to write poetry I seem—I suppose because it is all instinct with me—completely ignorant." That is, the veterinarian of letters may assemble all the parts of a horse and still not really have The Horse.

But Blackmur is the least of sinners in this. He knows The Horse, all right, and his close, tight, neat examination affords us dozens of informative perceptions and makes his book the archetype in its field. Compared to it, such a treatise as James Devaney's "Poetry in Our Time" is a futile gesture of non-language (as, I trust Mr. Blackmur would agree, Mr. Cummings might understandably put it).

Devaney, an Australian poet, begs his whole question by assuming there is a particular way of poetry which *is* poetry—he instances Milton, Keats, Francis Thompson—and that "modernist" poets do not write it and, therefore, do not write poetry. It's the old instinct to elevate a matter of taste as an absolute. But, quite beyond this, his book is filled with misinformation, misrepresentation, and (for argument) repetitiousness. He reaches back to claim that "Pope . . . knew nothing of rhythm" and in the next breath says "even the smoothest heroic couplet" has rhythm. He comes forward to assail Eliot as "impersonal" and then concludes Eliot is not impersonal at all. He attacks contemporary poetic techniques and then observes that in poetry it is "the thing said," and not the way, which matters. He supposes all "modernist" poets deem all older poety dead and gone. And so on, and so on.

The Pound-Eliot era is already dead. But it will not be buried and memorialized until a new poetry as pervasive arises, and then from the temporary vantage of that new poetry judgment of its predecessors may be made; not in sentimental ranting, but a judgment as disciplined as that which Blackmur brings to the job.

W. T. Scott, former literary editor of the Providence Journal, *is the author of "Mr. Whittier and Other Poems."*

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Across a Pair of Centuries

HÖLDERLIN. A Study of His Life, Vision, and Poetry. By L. S. Salzberger. New Haven, Conn.: Yale University Press. 64 *pp.* $2.50.

HÖLDERLIN POEMS. Translated by Michael Hamburger. New York: Pantheon Books. 275 *pp.* $3.50.

LORCA: An Appreciation of His Poetry. By Roy Campbell. New Haven, Conn.: Yale University Press. 79 *pp.* $2.50.

By Wallace Fowlie

ALTHOUGH Friedrich Hölderlin wrote most of his mature poetry between 1800 and 1805, not until more than a century later did his work appear in a reliable edition and receive something of the attention it deserved. The influence of his poetry on Stefan George and on Rilke marked the first important discovery of Hölderlin, and since that time his place among the significant "moderns" in poetry has been consistently affirmed and strengthened. The particular kind of poetic experience he went through, and his insanity or partial insanity during the last thirty-six years of his life, have associated his "case" with Nerval, Baudelaire, Laforgue, Nietzsche.

Mr. Salzberger, whose new essay on Hölderlin appears in a series of critical reevaluations, "Studies in Modern European Literature and Thought," published in England and by Yale in this country, is lecturer in German at Cambridge University. Because of the uniform demands of this series, his essay is short and contains very few selections of Hölderlin's poetry. Particularly valuable are the pages interpreting Hölderlin's prophetic mission of the poet, the relationship between theology and poetry, and the history of this doctrine. Mr. Hamburger's critical study of Hölderlin in his edition of the poems, is more detailed and more analytical of specific poems. This volume contains translations of all of the important poems of Hölderlin, with the German text as well.

Lorca—"musician in poetry."

The two volumes would serve as useful introduction to Hölderlin, who conceived the poet and hero as superhuman figures, as semi-mystics and titans. His poetry reveals a fusion of classical and Christian traditions. The subject of love in Hölderlin carries both platonic and pietist connotations. His very complex attitude toward Christ appears only in the later poetry, where, in keeping with a medieval tradition, he establishes a parallel between Christ and Hercules.

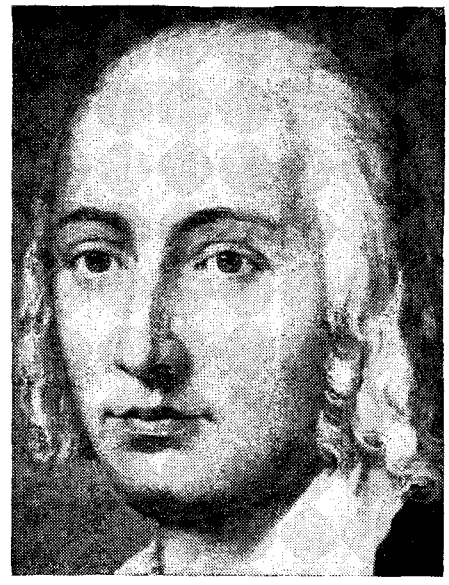
Both critics call attention to the poem "Patmos," which is probably Hölderlin's most brilliant achievement. It narrates the poet's voyage to Patmos, where St. John had his revelation. But Christ is absent from the island and the disciples (and the poet as well) feel terror before this divine absence. The two opening lines state the dual experience which is reflected throughout much of Hölderlin's work: the presence of the divine and man's difficulty in understanding it.

Nah ist
und schwer zu fassen der Gott

(Near is
The God, and hard to grasp)

Both Salzberger and Hamburger avoid interpreting Hölderlin's poetry in terms of the pathological. They would seem to subscribe to the theory of Karl Jaspers, in his book on Strindberg and Van Gogh, that "the schizophrenic processes can allow unique spiritual works to be formed."

Mr. Campbell's essay on the Spanish poet Federico García Lorca appears in the same series as Salzberger's book on Hölderlin. It is slightly longer and contains many translated extracts from the poems and in some instances the complete poem. The original Spanish is not included. Roy Campbell is a well-known poet in his own right and has already published translations of St. John of the Cross and Baudelaire. He has lived in Spain, where he was a bullfighter and a breaker of horses. In his book, he demonstrates a very real understanding of Spain and the



—*Painting by V. Baur.*

Hölderlin—"classical and Christian."

Spanish temperament, and a poet's kinship with Lorca.

The study is more a sympathetic explanation of Lorca's background, both regional and literary, and of the principal themes of the poems and plays, than a critical assessment. Mr. Campbell starts with the premise that Lorca is one of the major poets of our age and that his work has by now transcended all political involvements. Lorca illustrates an important principle in art, by which the particular leads to the universal. By being deeply a poet of his native Andalusia, Lorca grew into a poet of universal meaning. His poems were known by recitation long before they were published. His fellow students recited them, almost in the tradition of the pedlars of ballads, of the jongleurs and troubadours. In this respect, Mr. Campbell very justly compares Lorca to the Welsh poet Dylan Thomas. Both are musicians in poetry who stress the evocative force of sound in words. The tonal effects are stronger and more thunderous in Thomas and more fluid and subtle in the Spanish poet.

A second renascence in Spanish poetry has been brought about by such poets as Lorca, Machado, Jiménez, Salinas, and Guillén. Lorca is best characterized by the fusion in his writing of erudite, Gongorine elements with the popular ballad tradition. Under the seeming simplicity of a lullaby, he can suggest tragedy and dire foreboding (as in the poem

(*Continued on page* 34)

Wallace Fowlie, author of "The Clown's Grail," teaches French literature at Bennington College and the New School for Social Research.

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Babylon

By Laura Benét

Long, hideously long the plodding was
To Babylon. A wet moon like a fate
Hung over his head to haunt and terrify,
As if proclaiming, "You are far too late!"
Wolves crossed his path and rats. Demonic beasts
Muttered in chorus. A tenacious bog
Sucked off his boots, the sneering wind, his cap.
That promised city seemed a nursery tale
Not to be found on any traveler's map.
Eyes dim, feet wounded and his taper spark
Flickering like uneasy conscience' flame,
He stumbled forward through the shapeless dark . . .
Then walls rose up before him as he came,
Gigantic, fireblackened, crumbling, showed
The doom of majesty in tower and square,
Once blinding color. Terraces hung in air
Sprouted weed forests where the tiles had glowed,
Blood red anemones bloomed upon the pyre.
His legs gave way, he was a dot in space,
One grain of sand, a stray seed in the vast,
Bound to the memory of a dazzling past,
He stood there, dumb and trembling at the sight.
Those painful steps he never could retrace,
His journey unfulfilled, the suffering vain,
Since Babylon, his adored of time was gone,
Discovered—vanished—not to find again,
The Babylon he sought by candlelight.

Return to Spring

By Florence Ripley Mastin

Now on the verge of spring the icy silver leaf
Is dimmed with gentler rain. The austere field withdraws
its snow. Little by little the plum tree is less brittle.
The ancient cherry bends again but does not break.
Earth is aware as one who dwells no more alone;
For there are whispers now: in deepest night the bough
is listening, and the ground listens but makes no sound.
Beneath the frigid stone there is no stir, and yet
Something is whispering . . .

A man has never met the hour when on his sight
The greenness falls, and yet he feels it in the swell
Of buds along the river; rising in a faint
Blue mist upon the hills; pausing at the sills
Of frosty windows. Then more quickly than the thought
Of it, the green is caught out of the sun's pale yellow
By a forgotten willow . . .

What then, forsaken heart, have you no secret part
In the returning spring? Wear you beneath your stone
No similar, strange dust that will, as blossom must,
Unfold? Must bone on bone build only grief on grief?

As surely as the leaf, you shall return to green.
You who perceive this thing, you shall return to spring.

That First Spring

By George Scarbrough

If on a morning of that first spring
When the void had just answered with light
And lilies, and the underglow of trees
Melted in many metamorphoses
Of morning becoming less of night,
Mists of mixed color, low and shining
Along the ground—had I awakened then.
I should have awakened once all right.
All right in April once! But I invite
The pale green winds now without ease
To shake my door and sidle silver in:
Too mindful of the world my world has been,
I shall get up, if at all, to please
The people of my place, and not to view
First things one April only ever knew.

Intra-Mural Art

By John Hall Wheelock

It was annoying to be kept awake
Last night by a rodent working in the wall.
Yet this one was an artist and for art's sake.
Or so I am told, should be forgiven all.
His art was penetrating, and unique
In its grasp of the essential material;
After last night I will concede him to be.
For resonance, for sheer intensity,
Distinction of tone and firmness of technique.
The outstanding tooth of our time in all rodentry.

Exclusive Blue

By Robert Francis

Her flowers were exclusive blue.
No other color scheme would do.

Better than God she could reject
Being a gardener more select.

Blue, blue it was against the green
With nothing *not* blue sown or seen.

Yet secretly she half-confessed
With blue she was not wholly blessed.

All blues, she found, do not agree.
Blue riots in variety.

Purist-perfectionist at heart,
Her vision flew beyond her art—

Beyond her art, her touch, her power
To teach one blue to each blue flower.

Grief of the Trojan Women

By Dilys Laing

Hector poured
Astyanax
into the mold
of flesh and word

within the womb
the room of love
Andromache shaped
their hope and dream

Troy rocks for cause
too small for God
war eats our nights
death guts our days

Hector is dead
Astyanax
must die. How can
a mother plead?

punish the lamb
and kill the child
proud men gone mad
can feel no shame

we know the grief
of Hecuba
shaking the world
no man is safe

no child of love
is safe, and each
woman is
a weeping slave

Cassandra, come!
yourself a torch
take terrible fire
from Ilion's flame

women! despair
of man's intent.
No more lament.
War on war.

Growing Library

By Joseph Joel Keith

Books are more than words.
more than birds'
brightness, more than song.
They last long.

When the covers close
wisdom grows;
every thought is root.
leaf and fruit.

Every good page turned
is lore learned,
higher still when found
not in bound
books, but in the vast
wood where passed,
still and deep, the sower.

Write now, grower.

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Post Mortem

By Leonard Bacon

I stand in the dishevelled wood
Two hurricanes that has withstood
And idly seek a reason why
It should be stricken from the sky.
It did no wrong except to grow.
Obeying laws some god may know.
Who will not bother to explain
The motives of the hurricane.
The trees I never shall impeach.
Stripped oak and violated beech.
I gather, from research prolonged.
Beyond all question have been wronged.
Nor were they slaughtered to make way
For better, nobler trees than they.
No! Where they toppled, now aspire
But worm-bit cherry and green briar.
Or chestnut doomed by inborn rust
Early to return to dust.
I say not every laurel's cut,
As the French poet whimpered, but
In frank disquietude I note
Evils without antidote,
Valor ill paid, defaced renown.
Storm-blasted beech and oak blown down.

Intimation of Identity

By David Morton

Remember how it was: the gracious good.
Strong and compulsive, flowing from the dark
Of hidden roots, to be the greening wood.
To be the leaf-shape, be the casing bark;
Flowing in air to be the bird-shape come
Over the field to be a clever sound.
A song-shape, and the air no longer dumb—
And the lone watcher listening from the ground.

Strong and compulsive, flowing everywhere.
It reaches down, becomes the man, the same
As it becomes the world, the man aware
Of the green wood, within, the bird, within.
Song-shape, within . . . and where the man had been.
A shape of good, a man-shape, minus name.

I Cannot Remember

By Violet R. Martin

I cannot remember when I was not:
I cannot believe I will not be.
I know, when I close my eyes at night,
I sleep: and, when morning comes, I see.
But of time between, I do not know.
And leave it so.

Is there nothing to living but living,
And nothing to dying—but dying?
Is there nothing of taking and giving?
Must we have all the keening and crying?

The moment that separates life from death,
That issue of time, that single breath,
Must we lift it, and find the hole beneath?
Is living the only thing we sought?
Are tears the only thing we bought?
Is that what growing old has taught?

Long ago, in the caves of France,
Lay the scattered bones of thoughts, men,
Their bodies moved in a tribal dance,
Their fingers traced patterns we trace again
On the painted walls of the caves of France:
And our days move in a patterned dance:
And a star goes out, and ships go under,
And all dissolves in a wave of wonder:
And new days dawn, and time is free,
And death's an adventure, then, to me,
For death's an adventurous game for me.

Do we grow old, or do we grow,
And tend our gardens, and come to know
Secrets the dead learned long ago?

Do we man the soaring ship of Time?
Will we swirl in a nuclear star sublime?
Will strange things rise from a future slime?

And is atomic, frenzied war
Stranger than a nuclear star?
I sleep, and wake, and nothing know
Of time between, and leave it so.

(Inadequate reply to a friend, who has lost a friend.)

Primordial Morning

By Carleton Drewry

All was unstirring silence where
The forest stood through weightless air.
Then thunder coughed from one small cloud.
And the rain started, suddenly loud
On startled leaves, and with this sound
The still woods listened all around.
And the cloud passed, and then was heard
The first bright song of the first bird.

Now all is Eden over again,
With thrust of lightning, thunder, rain.
With all this springing up of green.
All this grim growing here between
The sky and the old scar of earth:
This busyness of death and birth
Still throngs these thickets. Time's lost tense
Still pushes toward some permanence.

But somewhere something has gone wrong:
Between the origin and the song
Silence ensues, becomes a thing
Beyond all mortal reckoning
On every listening ear arrested.
Everywhere is the whole wood molested:
Once caught, still crushed, the mortal note.
The same snake throttles the same throat.

Celestial Body

By Louise Townsend Nicholl

"There are celestial bodies, and bodies terrestrial
. . . the glory of the celestial is one.
. . . the glory of the terrestrial . . . another."
—I Corinthians XV.

The lens of morning polished sheer by sleep
Shows the immortal essence housed in shape:
No longer wood but carpentered from mist
The unchanged outdoors of the barefront chest,
Finished and turned exactly to persist,
Facsimile forever to exist.

The lens of morning moving from the night
Resumes a closer and more usual sight:
Concept undying and celestial.
The mist, the substance of identity,
Gives place again to the terrestrial,
The pattern swirling in mahogany,
Irradiation from its temporal growing
And, like the other glory, past the knowing.

None of Mine

By Robert P. Tristram Coffin

This light in my gold maple trees
Is no light of mine,
Years after I am gloom these trees
With other Falls will shine.

These small sons with sunny hair
Begot at my high span
Will cease to be the sons I got
And be the sons of man.

Golden leaves and golden sons
Are for no one man's keeping.
They belong to men unborn.
To men anciently sleeping.

They belong to fathers whose
Bones keep stony places
And other fathers far too young
To have bones or faces.

Only for a moment now
Sons and Falls are single.
Tomorrow with eternity
They will merge and mingle.

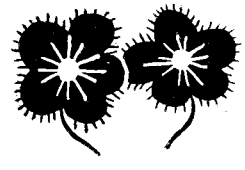
O may they take no tarnishing
From me, O may they never
Be dimmed for being mine before
They flow with bright forever.

Into the Sun

By Hannah Kahn

Ride a wild horse
with purple wings
striped yellow and black
except his head
which must be red.

Ride a wild horse
against the sky
hold tight to his wings . . .
Before you die
whatever else you leave undone,
once, ride a wild horse
into the sun.



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The Saturday Review

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A Treasury of Talent

AT BOTH ends American life has been undergoing change—youth and age have alike been forced out of the patterns which time has set. No longer can the American boy nearing the end of his educational years look forward to an immediate entrance into business or professional life and uninterrupted progression through it, for there looms before him the prospect of army service with its postponement of or break in whatever career he may have in mind. And increasingly at the other end of the scale, men who have attained experience and proficiency, often large success, in enterprise and intellectual endeavor are forced by retirement regulations or pressure from those coming up to take their jobs to lay aside their work while physical and mental powers remain still intact. The period of active working life has contracted by years with results that can as yet only be surmised.

Observers abroad and educators at home have often stressed the fact that youth remains free of responsibility far longer in the United States than in other lands. Our college youth, for all that it dignifies itself as men, goes through the four years of undergraduate life with scarcely more maturity of purpose and outlook than it knew as boys at school. That seriousness of approach and application to study which mark the European university groups are lacking in our own until they reach the professional schools. Instructors who taught in the colleges in the years when the G.I. Bill of Rights was filling the classrooms will bear witness to the fact that the veterans were far more mature and far more eager in their desire for knowledge than were the prewar students. Experience had sobered the former and time spent under arms awakened their determination to buckle down to the business of acquiring an education.

The young men of today stand much in the same state toward time as did their predecessors of world conflict years yet lack the spur which actual war exerted then. What faces them now is two years of army service either before or immediately after the completion of their formal education and the realization that they will enter upon their careers two years later than in the past they would have done. Somewhere the slack must be taken up. The delay cannot but act as a damper on their plans and unless it can be changed into a challenge it will remain a detriment all their lives. Either school and college courses must be intensified so that graduation will find youth better equipped than in the past to enter upon its future pursuits or else the army, and failing the army, the individual, must evolve some plan by which education for a profession continues throughout military service.

It is these same young men whose working career will be delayed by induction into the army who as they approach old age will find again that active years are to be shaved from their careers. Increasingly, retirement at a definite age is becoming part of the pattern of business and intellectual life. Increasingly, large groups of persons, men and women both, are confronted by the fact that what may have been a full, rich, and exciting existence must come to an arbitrary close, no matter how quick hand and brain still may be, no matter how large a part of what has been planned remains unfulfilled. Before another half century has passed there will be a leisure population which still has a large potential of usefulness and which, unless some way is devised of giving it scope, will be disgruntled instead of a live force. How to employ this reservoir of experience to the satisfaction of itself and the benefit of the community is a problem which constantly becomes of greater concern.

It is a problem of age but it is linked directly with the problem of youth, for its solution will depend upon the prevision and provision made at the beginning of adult life for its close. That fact puts a heavy onus on teachers and intellectual leaders as well as on youth itself for it means that even while preparation is made for a career thought must be taken for the period to follow after it is ended. It means less rigidity in educational programs for they must allow leeway for interests which can develop into avocations after vocations are over; it means an enormous opportunity for service to country and democratic thought if some scheme can be devised whereby youth and inexperience is equipped with the enthusiasms and at least some preoccupation with the problems which ripeness of experience may help to solve. It is a matter which by engaging the attention of the many should produce important results as time goes on. —A. L.

Crepuscule

By Ethel Jacobson

UNDER the tangled willows in the first starshine,
In the deeper shade of the cypress pine
Where the brook unwinds like a tinsel skein,
The gray bats dance to its hushed refrain.

They skim the riffles, they drift and dip;
They fleer and flutter and soar and skip;
Like pewter shuttles they cross and twist
And weave a pattern of stars and mist.
In the pearly glow when the last light dies
They thread their looms on the ghostly skies.

Under the tangled willows in the first starshine,
In the deeper shade of the cypress pine
Where the pools are deepest, the gray dusk stirs
On silent wings, in silver furs.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Out of Context

▶ MAY I REPLY to the Rev. Carl G. Bader's letter [*SR*, Feb. 28] about my brief review of "The Open Night," by John Lehmann. The Rev. Mr. Bader wonders "in what subterranean cavern of the mind" I pass my days. Only by taking a phrase out of its context is he able to attack me. "With the collapse of traditional religions . . ." is the phrase. But here is the complete sentence: "With the collapse of traditional religions, the thesis may be baldly stated, modern man has found his myths obsolete." In other words, the assertion is not mine; it is Mr. Lehmann's in his opening essay. Here are his own words: "In the collapse of traditional religion, in the silence of the creative religious impulse, it is on the poet that the responsibility falls to make a world of true symbols, and to find a new myth for mankind to inhabit." On the previous page he writes that "traditional Christianity's hold on the mind of Europe has nevertheless been weakening over many decades, and two world wars have immensely accelerated the process."

I do not wish to argue the truth of that assertion with your correspondent. I only wish to point out that I clearly stated it to be the author's thesis. In the review my duty was to report what the author had written; your correspondent's duty, it seems to me, was to read it with an honest and open mind.

ROBERT HALSBAND.

New York, N. Y.

Too Much Hue

▶ I THINK you are much too sensitive about the Sandburg cover. No one could admire Mr. Sandburg more than I—but the cover did not shatter my sensibilities, nor did I feel that the great author had been "done wrong." That may be because I do not resent caricature. It has always played an important role in the life and letters of the Republic. In fact, it seems to me that generally, of late, there is too much hue and cry against cartoons, caricatures, satire, and parody. When they go, so goes the nation!

ROBERT DOWNING.

Mt. Kisco, N. Y.

Justice Goes to College

▶ MAY I ADD a footnote to what Judge Hand has so eloquently said in his address to the Board of Regents of New York [*SR* Nov. 22] by pointing up one aspect of the problem which he suggests?

The teaching of the humanities in our colleges and universities today does indeed offer a long look at what has been said, thought, written in the civilizations of the past and an opportunity to see the workings of different societies in perspective. From the first rise of democracy in the Athens of 500 B.C., we can through the humanities trace the growth of the young idea called democracy which, in the words of Pericles, found its greatness in trusting "less in system and policy than to the native spirit of our citizens."

But to know that our roots are deep does not necessarily mean that we also know them to be good. Because the medieval concept of the college and university had its central base in religious doctrine, an integral part of its teaching was the prescription of what was good and what was evil. Our modern colleges and universities, however, while retaining many of the symbols and the sancta of the medieval form, have rejected the religious basis and thereby the frank dogma of right and wrong. Now I am not suggesting that this is not entirely in keeping with the purest freedom to pursue truth; what I am saying is that it has left a vacuum which needs filling in some fashion and which in these times appears to need it badly. There is at hand, I suggest, a positive and powerful set of principles which may have some value for this purpose.

I would like to see every college and university add to its curriculum a required undergraduate course in "Principles of Anglo-Saxon Justice." The object of the course would be to present to every student attending our colleges and universities the fundamental principles of our legal and judicial system and to suggest the tone and the climate of our legal rules of fair play. I would try to give our college students a "feel" for the meaning of basic rights, for the right way and the wrong way of judging evidence, of sifting truth from untruth, of measuring liability or guilt, of making up one's mind. Such a course could with broad strokes trace the need for law in society and the forces and rules which have shaped and nourished our legal system. It could try to impart a true understanding of those things which are the flesh and bones of our pattern of justice. In short, I believe there is a place—a vital place—in our structure of liberal education today for exposure of all students to time-tested principles of justice so that as many as possible may understand how rights are granted and how justice is administered.

For it is not enough that lawyers may know when a man is, for example, being deprived of his right to a fair hearing or being stripped of his Constitutional guarantees without due process. What is at stake here belongs to all citizens, and all citizens—particularly those who come seeking higher education—have a right to some understanding of what they will lose if they remain silent. It is not enough that a great judge may raise his voice to warn that a "community is already in the process of dissolution where each man begins to eye his neighbor as a possible enemy." The danger, if it exists, is a danger to all Americans, and our colleges owe an obligation to make clear that legal rights of the individual, such as presumptions of innocence and integrity, are basic sources of our strength.

These are times when all men are being challenged to examine and weigh with restraint, with moderation, and with wisdom. As citizens of a democracy, we are required to accept responsibility for making decisions and determining values. If, as Plato has said, the essence of education is learning to like the right things, then at least those we seek to educate in our higher institutions of learning should have a clear sense of the ground rules by which we live and by which we sort and choose in this kind of society—an understanding of how to evaluate objectively, how to consider soberly, and how to decide fairly. Yet these things are the very heart of the law. For if the law does not teach the need for judging with cool nerves, a clear eye, and an open mind, then it teaches nothing else. And in a proposal such as is here made the law can help liberal education achieve its real and ultimate purpose.

SOL M. LINOWITZ.

Rochester, N. Y.

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Seeing Things

OKAYE

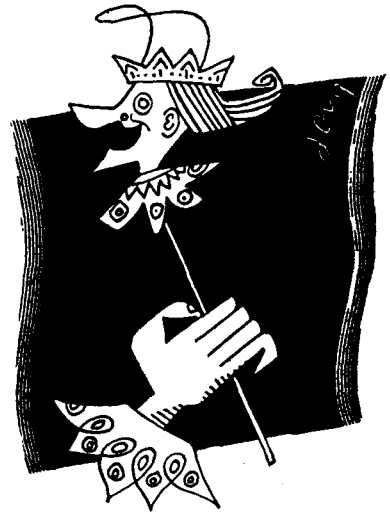
TO MAKE a liar out of the clock, to make its unstoppable hands seem paralyzed is at once one of the duties and triumphs of showmanship. During the second portion of the program at the Palace Danny Kaye* is on stage for a little more than an hour and a half. That is a long time—for any performer, for any spectator. Theatrically, it is a period protracted enough for the building of Rome or, for that matter, its burning.

Try to hold anyone's attention for such a span or dare anyone else to hold yours, and you soon discover how long a time it is. But in Danny Kaye's case everything is blessedly different. Mr. Kaye is as much a master of time as he is of timing. He knows that the only timeless interludes are those during which everyone is having a good time. Accordingly, a hilarious time is what he devotes his incredible energies and skill to giving all those lucky enough to crowd into the Palace to see and hear him. From the moment he hurries into view until he takes a reluctant farewell of an audience even more reluctant to have him stop, all awareness of the ticking seconds comes to an end.

Mr. Kaye's admirers the world over are too numerous to be counted and have a special feeling for him. Consider, for example, what happened in Glasgow when he was making a royal progress through Scotland. The ovation he received at the conclusion of his last night's performance would have been—for anyone else—a demonstrative statement of affection. Pleased as he was by it, however, it did not satisfy the hundreds of supposedly reserved Scots who had cheered and applauded him. They followed him back to his hotel. There they massed in the square outside and called for him until he appeared. Then they began singing as one, "Will Ye No Come Back Again?"

Recently at a matinee at the Palace two elderly ladies showed their friendliness for Mr. Kaye in a manner less spectacular though equally untraditional. Playhouses continue to be sanctuaries of individual liberty. Theatregoers are free to leave them at any time without explanation. Halfway through his performance Mr. Kaye noticed that these women were putting on their hats and coats. He was about to kid them for going when, to his amazement, he saw they were leaving their seats in the eighth row and coming down the center aisle toward him. Their admiration had triumphed over whatever embarrassment they may have felt. "Forgive us," one of them said, halting the program and speaking right up in the most neighborly way. "Please forgive us, Mr. Kaye. We hate to go but we are commuters and have just got to catch a train. We hope you will understand. We are coming again."

The reasons for the regard Mr. Kaye creates in those out front are hard to avoid. To the perceptive they



have demanded mention ever since his appearance, first, in "The Straw Hat Revue" and, later, in "Lady in the Dark." When I touch upon Mr. Kaye's unique gifts, I do not happen to have his contribution to "Hans Christian Andersen" in mind. That is a film I have not seen nor does it tempt me. What I have heard and read about it persuades me I am either too young or too old for it. Apparently it is guilty of sentimentalizing and subduing the ebullient and resolutely unmawkish talents of Mr. Kaye.

Along with millions of others, I like Mr. Kaye untamed. In his slightly deranged, hence native, state I can never get enough of him. I like him when his extraordinary gift for nonsense is running wild. I like him when he is exercising his giant-sized satiric gifts in a way which may seem to be merciless but which nonetheless is strangely merciful. I like him when, unencumbered by a plot and uninterrupted by fellow actors, he is free to do whatever he chooses to do. In short, if I may employ a barfly term, I like my Danny Kaye neat. This is why I have never relished him more than I did at the Palace.

IT IS right to the point of inevitability that Mr. Kaye should make his entrance while the orchestra on stage is blaring forth the introductory measures of "There's No Business Like Show Business." Most decidedly, there *is* none when Mr. Kaye is around. If he can be the most energetic of entertainers, he can also be the most relaxed. When he wrinkles up his rubber face to do a parody, when he rattles off a patter song with the rapidity of a machine gun, or when he hurtles himself into a dance, he is not a dynamo—he is a one-man powerhouse. His drive is superhuman. It is of that self-emptying kind which only top-flight performers have and share so unsparingly that their audiences soon feel as if they possess it too.

Midway in his exuberant activities Mr. Kaye gives both his enthusiasts and himself a rest. He comes to the footlights, sits down, and talks as informally to those out front as if he were caught at home on a Sunday afternoon by an old friend who just happened to drop in. Any subject that pops into his mind finds its way to his tongue. His ad-libbing may or may not be spontaneous. But one thing is certain. It is not unfortified by design because he is far too fine a professional ever to trust entirely to chance.

After having bummed a cigarette from some surprised smoker in the front rows, Mr. Kaye returns to the unserious but inspired task of being Danny Kaye, the performer. He does this with precisely the same cunning with which during his talkative siesta he has pretended to be Danny Kaye, the casual conversationalist.

And what an anthology of hilarity, what a grab bag of delight, what a compendium of heaven-sent nonsense his performance proves to be! As surely as it quickens old memories, it creates new ones. Except when he is singing "Just a Wee Deoch-an-Doris" or promoting "Hans Christian Andersen" by doing three numbers from it quite winningly. Mr. Kaye is in a

*DANNY KAYE at the RKO Palace Theatre, New York City. With an introductory bill including the Peiro Brothers from the Argentine, Marquis and Family, the Dunhills, Fran Warren, and Darvas and Julia. Sammy Prager is Mr. Kaye's accompanist, RKO Palace orchestra conducted by Jo Lombardi. Every evening, matinees Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday.

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mood which is effulgent in its lack of sentimentality.

His genius for varying accents is no less genuine than his ability to assume different facial expressions or to suggest nationalities or types by the slightest and most subtle changes in posture. Negro spirituals, Spanish dancers, an English ballad-singer giving his fifty-fourth encore, a German soloist relaxing after a program of Wagner, a child at the zoo, a frenetic musical comedy performer whose physical exertions are supposed to compensate for what he lacks in voice, a draftee being inducted, or a gypsy singing "Dinah"—all these and many more are the subjects, new or old, of Mr. Kaye's benevolent but irresistible spoofing.

Although Mr. Kaye's act may run a little more than an hour and a half, it seems a minute long. It is an amazing exhibition. When at its conclusion the great Danny says he has had more fun than anyone else, he is speaking what at best is no more than a half-truth. That he has had fun is beyond denial. Yet that by having it he has given it is equally self-evident. At the Palace he is offering not only vaudeville as we like to remember it at its best but the comic theatre of today at its best, too. —JOHN MASON BROWN.

Just Published

Lack of space makes it impossible for us to review the volumes described below in this issue. In many instances they will be given more extended notice in forthcoming numbers. New fiction is described elsewhere in this issue.

ARTISTS AND ILLUSTRATORS OF THE OLD WEST: 1850-1900. By Robert Taft. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $8.50. A companion volume to Dr. Taft's "Photography and the American Scene," which uses letters, diaries, and other source material in establishing the historical authenticity of the pictorial array gathered for this volume.

AMERICA'S ANCIENT CIVILIZATIONS. By Ruth and A. Hyatt Verrill. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $5. To corroborate their theory that there were contacts between the ancient civilizations of the Americas and the Middle East Sumerian culture of about 3000 B.C., the authors examine coins, legends, and stone tablets.

BERNADETTE OF LOURDES. By Frances Parkinson Keyes. New York: Julian Messner. $3.50. A religious biography of a widely-known saint.

DIALECTIC: A Way Into and Within Philosophy. By Gustav E. Mueller. New York: Bookman Assoc. $4. Dialectics as a tool for examining the applicability of the teachings of the great historical philosophers is explained by a University of Oklahoma professor of philosophy.

FEAR GOD AND DREAD NAUGHT: The Correspondence of Admiral of the Fleet Lord Fisher of Kilverstone. Edited by Arthur J. Marder. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. $5.50. Sub-subtitled "the Making of an Admiral—1854-1904," Mr. Marder, history professor at the University of Hawaii, illuminates a brilliant and controversial figure in this first of two volumes.

THE GOLDEN SUMMER. By Daniel Nathan. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $3.50. Recollections of boyhood in an Upstate New York town with adventures reminiscent of Penrod's and Tom Sawyer's pranks.

THE HIDDEN COASTS. By Daniel Henderson. New York: William Sloane Assoc. $6. The biography and records of Charles Wilkes, an eighteenth-century American naval officer and scientist who led expeditions to the Antarctic regions and islands of the South Seas.

THE LOCAL UNION: Its Place in Industrial Democracy. By Leonard R. Sayles and George Strauss. New York: Harper & Bros. $3.50. Concentrating on the everyday relationship between the small units that make up the large labor organization and management, the authors detail methods and operation.

THE LOST AND THE FOUND. By Robert Collis. New York: William Morrow & Co. $3.50. Dr. Collis tells the story of two children which he adopted on liberation from the notorious Belsen concentration camp and their long road from survival to revival.

MISSION WITH MOUNTBATTEN. By Alan Campbell-Johnson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $5. As official press attache, Mr. Johnson is able to give a documentary account of the intricacies that attended the partitioning of India.

THE MOCKINGBIRD PIANO. By Jean Bell Mosley. Philadelphia: The Westminster Press. $3. Homespun childhood recollections of the Ozarks replete with locale and character descriptions.

POSTCARDS FROM DELAPLANE. By Stanton Delaplane. New York: Doubleday & Co. $3. Pulitzer-prize winner Delaplane is represented by a sampling from his columns in *The San Francisco Chronicle.*

PREVIEW FOR TOMORROW. By Bruce Bliven. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $5. A well-known science popularizer discusses new frontiers that are being opened by cortisone, solar furnaces, rainmaking, transistors, and the like.

PROMISES TO KEEP. By William E. Walsh. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. $3. How to manage a family of twelve children, pets, thousands of books, a professional career, and still enjoy life is told by the head of the Walsh contingent.

SOLITARY CONFINEMENT. By Christopher Burney. New York: Coward-McCann. $2.75. Eighteen months in a French prison during the war created psychological and physical problems that are recreated in depths here by the internee himself. Christopher Fry provides an introduction.

THE STORY OF JEROME KERN. By David Ewen. Henry Holt & Co. $2.50. Songwriter Kern is biographied by an old hand in popularizing the lives of music's personalities.

TORNADOES OF THE UNITED STATES. By Snowden D. Flora. Norman: Oklahoma University Press. $3.50. The swirling menaces that can flare into 500 mile per hour speeds between the Rockies and the Atlantic are given a detailed explanation by a seasoned meteorologist.

TWO CAME BY SEA. By William S. Stone. New York: William Morrow & Co. $3.50. The author of "Tahiti Landfall" returns to a South Pacific setting where a white man's misguided aims at civilizing and power-ambitions erupt in violence.

THE UNITED STATES AND MEXICO. By Howard F. Cline. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. $5. As director of the Hispanic Foundation of the Library of Congress, Mr. Cline combines first-hand knowledge and scholarship to give a rounded portrait of Mexico and its relationship to the U.S. —S. M.

R & H

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Broadway Postscript

SHYLOCK VS. SHAKESPEARE

LUTHER ADLER is an actor who feels keenly the difficult position of the Jew who wishes to live with dignity, pride, and wealth in the midst of a society that is constantly discriminating against him. In the City Center revival of "The Merchant of Venice" he has transferred the problem into Shakespeare's Shylock and the result is a quieter and more cerebral performance than is usual in the role. Mr. Adler uses his ammunition at the beginning. He plays with great tension the flare-up between himself and Antonio, the smug merchant who has come to borrow money. A few scenes later, when Shylock is robbed and abandoned by his daughter, he shows us some of the rawer emotion that lies underneath, but yet stays carefully within the bounds of *his* Shylock—a character to whom any uncontrolled show of emotion signifies defeat. Finally in the courtroom scene, he underplays the traditional glee anticipatory to being awarded his pound of flesh, and when thwarted shows his anger only with one bitter shriek of "I am content."

While all this is clearly motivated and believable, it plays hob with the dramatic structure and elevated language of Shakespeare's play. Under the circumstances it might have been better to write a brand-new play which could penetrate more deeply into the Antonio *vs.* Shylock controversy, and make clearer the reasons which caused Jessica to behave so outrageously to her father.

The other actors are, with the exception of Portia's two unsuccessful suitors, who are not involved, sacrificed to Mr. Adler's conception. Philip Bourneuf's Antonio perhaps gains a bit by becoming more strongly Shylock's antagonist, and this capable actor gives bite and intensity to a role that is traditionally pale and badly defined. Margaret Phillips, who uses words like an erratic trapeze artist, brings Portia to life in the artificial badinage of the love scenes, but her handling of the courtroom scene sets back the cause of women lawyers twenty years. She speaks the "quality of mercy" speech as if she were delivering a chemical abstract. James Daly and Nancy Narchand achieve much of the lustiness and a little of the humor that go with the roles of Gratiano and Nerissa. But the only actor in the production who is allowed to catch Shakespeare's melodic verse is Earle Hyman, and he plays the dusky Prince of Morocco beautifully. Also, Robert Fletcher, as the absurdly snobbish Prince of Aragon who "will not rank him with the barbarous multitudes," struts with delicious comic style.

Lemuel Ayer's scissor set is ingenious, and circumvents all stage waits. Yet the realism which is an asset to one scene often turns up as a liability in the next. Albert Marre's direction tends to rush the poetry a bit, and he has abridged a great deal. Particularly missed are most of Launcelot Gobbo's clowning and "Tell me where is fancy bred, or in the heart or in the head?," which is one of Shakespeare's loveliest songs. However, now and then Mr. Marre pops up with such imaginative business as having Nerissa attempt to tip off Bassanio by dusting the casket he should choose with her handkerchief. The choreography by Todd Bolender is a pleasant atmospheric addition to the play, and the production, while less brilliant than the previous two at City Center, is for all its faults intelligible and moderately engaging, and makes an interesting test of the interpretative limits of Shakespeare.

—HENRY HEWES.

Stars Behind Bars

TAKING THE BLOOM OFF: Daniel Blum, whose yearly edition of "Theatre World" is as valuable as a reference as it is deficient as a souvenir, has now compiled a giant-size album called **"Great Stars of the American Stage"** (Greenberg, $7.50). The 150 performers—included along with baby pictures, snapshots, and tightly-cropped stills, plus fan-magazine-like biographical sketches—are not all *great,* or *stars* or *American,* although some who are all three have been mysteriously omitted. With twice the page size at his disposal, the eager editor can think of nothing better to do than to put twice as many pictures on the page. When he does print a full-page portrait, he often uses a poor quality shot which reproduces with that same washed-out quality that makes the Sunday supplement just the thing to wrap the garbage in. The real tragedy of Mr. Blum's triumph of energy over taste is that it will probably prevent some more gifted person from being commissioned to do the job right.

—H. H.

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SR Goes to the Movies

STAR TURN

IT isn't being unfair to either lady to describe Anna Magnani as the Italian Bette Davis, a comparison that springs to mind not merely because both are currently visible in movies about the movies but because of the almost unique range of their screen personalities. They can play—and have played—every kind of role in the book, and always manage to invest it with an extra dimension of credibility that rises equally out of their own sure mastery of film acting technique and the great indefinable that is personality. Somehow, their screen portraits seem to have an existence independent of the film itself. Life doesn't begin for them when the cameras start turning, nor will it stop with the end titles. Their force, their vitality fills out each role, lending validity, breathing reality into even the most slovenly script. Bette Davis did just that recently in "The Star"; now Anna Magnani does the same for an Italian film called "Bellissima," transforming what was merely a good story idea into a warm and frequently moving experience. Her portrait of an ambitious mother who pins her hopes on a movie career for her plain little Maria, her "bellissima," is easily the equal of anything she has ever done on the screen to date.

But Miss Magnani is forced to build this role with little help either from the writers or Director Luchino Visconti. From the moment she turns up in the crowd outside Rome's Cinecitta studios, dragging Maria after her, we are never certain whether the ambitions that drive her are for herself or for the child. She falls into the clutches of an unscrupulous studio hanger-on who promises to get Maria into the movies—for a price. The mother agrees, even though his repeated demands all but wreck the little family. Stupidity? Or was she willing to sacrifice everything for her little girl's career? If so, then her final decision to turn down a fabulous studio offer because her "bellissima" would be shown as the awkward, ungainly child she really is becomes inconsistent. Despite all this, Magnani makes the woman vivid, volatile, real. You may not understand her, but you do feel for her despite her mistakes, her superstitions, her unreasonable conviction that her child is the most beautiful in all Rome.

* * *

It has become increasingly fashionable of late to touch with culture the lowly musical comedy, force-feeding an operatic aria or two into the otherwise exuberant proceedings. Thus, good music is brought to the masses and America's musical tastes, presumably, edge up a notch or two. Frankly, I find this hard to believe. Lauritz Melchior and Anna Maria Alberghetti, for example, carry much of the weight of Paramount's "The Stars Are Singing," a fantasy about an Iron Curtain refugee who enters the country illegally and gains her citizenship by singing on a TV program. This slender thread is snapped repeatedly by injections of Mozart and Verdi, Melchior singing "Vesti la giubba," and the inevitable "Because." But somehow everybody feels more at ease while Rosemary Clooney is rocking through "Come on-a My House" or Clooney, Alberghetti, and Bob Williams go skipping down the street musically exclaiming that it's a beautiful day. I am not, of course, stating a preference for Jay Livingston's ballads over Leoncavallo's; I like both, but in their proper places. In "Pagliacci" the aria "Vesti la giubba" comes as a dramatic highlight; in "The Stars Are Singing" it is simply a stage wait, probably resented as heartily by the opera lovers as the Clooney fans. Worse yet is the pseudo-classical composition concocted by the studio musicians as a final duet for Melchior and Alberghetti. Here the culture being dispensed with such largesse is downright bad art, phoney art, and the vaunted half step forward winds up three steps back. I much prefer Rosemary Clooney, who has a forthright, twinkling way with a song. It doesn't help much to add that Melchior is in amazingly good voice in the "Pagliacci" aria or that young Miss Alberghetti has a fine, clear soprano.

* * *

Much less pretentious, with nary an aria in its entire length, is "I Love Melvin" (M-G-M). Written and produced by George Wells, it tells zestfully, if not always skilfully, a bright little story about a young bulb carrier on *Look* Magazine who wants to get his girl's picture on the cover. The songs and dances, staged by Robert Alton with his customary snap and precision, are built neatly and logically into the picture, growing out of the action instead of interrupting it. Donald O'Connor as Melvin and Debbie Reynolds, his chorus-girl heartthrob make an attractive, youthful team, throwing themselves into their numbers with an *élan* that sometimes seems downright dangerous. High point is a dance in which, through tricky editing, O'Connor assumes all the roles in a fast-moving Hannibal Cobb photo-crime. The music is pleasant without being memorable, and everything about "Melvin"—including the color—is clean and tasteful.

* * *

"The Hitch-Hiker" (RKO) resorts to one of the most ingenuous script devices in history. The hitch-hiker, William Talman, is another of those distorted products of an unhappy childhood who have been turning up with such alarming regularity on the screen of late. After casually killing a number of motorists who have offered him lifts, he hails Edmond O'Brien and Frank Lovejoy and, at gun's point, orders them to drive him to Mexico. Repeatedly they give him excellent excuses for doing away with them, but he refuses. Obviously, once the principals have been disposed of the whole picture would be over. Collier Young and Ida Lupino, who wrote the screenplay, explain this rather glaring weakness in their script quite simply: The man's crazy!

* * *

That abused term, "selected short subjects," is being given real meaning by a few of the newer short films currently on view. At least, now there is something to select *from*. The Walt Disney True Life Adventure series that began so auspiciously with "Seal Island" and "Beaver Valley" continues with one of its best releases. "Bear Country" (RKO). This half-hour visit to our own Northwest strikes a happy balance between amusement and information as it follows the life pattern of one of Nature's most favored creatures. . . . A second non-cartoon Disney series, "People and Places," presents "The Alaskan Eskimo" (RKO) as its initial offering. Fascinating as a first-hand account of their primitive existence, beautifully photographed and put together, it is marred by a commentary that finds considerable humor in the fact that Eskimos are not exactly like us. It's still worth watching for. . . . One of the most exciting art films ever made is "A Visit to Picasso" (Burstyn), a vivid close-up of possibly the greatest living modern artist.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT

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TV and Radio

THE CENTER FOR MASS COMMUNICATION

"IF YOU live in a town run by a committee—be on the committee." "A drunkard in the gutter is exactly where he ought to be." William Graham Sumner wrote these serious jests in "What Social Classes Owe to Each Other," a book published in 1883, in which the author, a professor of political economy at Yale, insisted that the social classes owe each other absolutely nothing. Professor Donald N. Bigelow, of Columbia University, read the witticisms recently on "Seminar," the televised section (on ABC-TV Sundays) of the university's General Studies course on American civilization.

"All the world loves a fat man is a lot of bunk." "I was hoping I would be caught and punished—although that doesn't play an important part in crime fiction." An overweight arsonist speaks these arresting lines on "Why Did He Do It?"—a new transcribed radio series on mental health, which welfare agencies and community groups everywhere should, if they have not already done so, arrange to buy and offer to their local radio stations.

"Seminar," on TV, and "Why Did He Do It?" on radio. are produced by the Center for Mass Communication, a division of the Columbia University Press. The scintillations from the two programs quoted above are random representations of the agile, knowing, and completely useful activity of CMC on the air. The TV General Studies course is in its second phase. Professor Bigelow, a sharp, Socratic goad, in turn authoritarian, quarterback, occasionally a severe moderator, but ever brisk and master of an exciting pace, butted his student sheep and goats last semester through Some Views of Civilization, The Western Heritage, The Colonial Experience, and the American Experiment. Now the round table is crackling with The Age of Enterprise, The Age of Protest, Disillusioned Americans, and The Hopeful Americans.

The crackle is of books, of course, and their ideas coursing along the channels of our country's origin and development—John Locke, Roger Williams, Alexander Hamilton, De Tocqueville, Whitman, William James, Steffens, Sinclair Lewis, and David E. Lilienthal. "Seminar's" young men and women with their intellects exposed speak with the audacity of Elihu to Job: "Great men are not always wise: neither do the aged understand judgment." They challenge vigorously, and as stoutly defend, the thoughts of the writers they examine. Always they disagree, but with mutual respect, for the company is exercising its controversies in the spirited but ever leveling quest for value and meaning.

The series "Why Did He Do It?"—with George Hicks as the quiet, perceptive questioner in tape-recorded interviews— insinuates its message of early recognition and treatment of emotional troubles. Unclinical, it is warm with compelling human images as, for example, a stuttering boy, laughed at by other school children and battling miserably with them, is helped in high school by "a wonderful teacher" who told him to "sing his sentences."

A prostitute, an embezzler, and a juvenile delinquent speak candidly and vividly of their fears, hostilities, and feelings of guilt. A burglar's underlying insecurity finally buckles a meek, social adjustment and seeks escape from the complexities of life in the peace behind prison walls. Each program is only a quarter of an hour, but each steps out of the passing TV-radio parade of quick forgetfulness and takes its place in broadcasting's tiny corner of non-expendable memories.

Dorothy Oshlag, manager, and Erik Barnouw, editor of the Center for Mass Communication, outlined some of CMC's future TV plans to me recently: "Challenge," cartoon films dealing with problems of public health, conservation, education, to be used as discussion springboards; "I Propose," a series in which college students would present their solutions of public problems to authorities in various fields and "defend them against the panel's searching questions." "The Search," another CMC transcribed radio package, recently released, tells the stories behind current health services.

Health looms large in CMC's "sales catalogue" because this unique production center came into being in 1948 at the request of the United States Public Health Service to produce a radio case-finding series on syphilis. The subject then was an air taboo but craftsmanship, well-founded "engineering" of industry consent, and the courage of ABC's Public Affairs Department, then headed by Robert Saudek, lifted the social curtain with remarkable results. As a result, a non-profit revolving fund was set up, enabling CMC to produce health education materials for all media—films, phonograph records, comic books, even washroom signs!

Whatever CMC does, it does with a consistently expert combination of true educational intent and "showmanship." Its list of "clients" has grown to include not only government but also voluntary agencies, foundations, even business firms. CMC persuades successful professionals to participate in its output. It knows how to diagnose a communication problem, produce the materials to help solve it, and to provide for the local follow-through. One of its major achievements is its successful use of popular idioms as wave-carriers for its behavior-modifying messages. On the other hand, it can effectively present so exclusive and unrelieved a mental exercise as "Seminar."

The Center for Mass Communication is a happy accident. It was not blueprinted: it just "growed" at a university which once applied for radio call letters, but whose trustees could never raise the money with which to operate an educational station. The university offered tuition courses in broadcasting, of course, and one of the instructors was Erik Barnouw, a writer of high caliber and reputation. Then came the need for the drive on VD and CMC's ever-widening orbit was delineated.

THE human resources of our leading universities are without limit. What Columbia's CMC has done and is doing could and should be multiplied manifold. Communication needs exist in abundance—in health, history, economics, and leisure. Colleges must pull their cultural drawbridges down and get into mass media communication. Educational television could provide the energy to pass over many a public moat of ignorance and indifference. In the light of CMC's accomplishments, the recent rejection by a majority of Governor Dewey's New York State commission on educational TV of the Board of Regents' request for a ten-station educational TV network is not only shocking—it is laughable.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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Music to My Ears

NO BORIS, NO "BORIS"—STEINBERG—TOSCANINI'S WAGNER

TOO little money, too little time, and too little talent were liabilities of some otherwise sound production ideas in the late-season "Boris" that brought the powerful concept of Mussorgsky back to the Metropolitan stage in an edition based on his own orchestral scoring and with an English text. The lack of money dictated the use of makeshift scenery borrowed in large part from Mstislav Dobujinsky's production of "Khovanschina"; the limitation on time put the work on the stage well ahead of secure knowledge of it by all the principals; the small scale (for this house) Boris of George London gave one a feeling more of Czarevitch than Czar.

The richness of voice and the power of projection that London had shown in last fall's concert version with the New York Philharmonic-Symphony were, oddly enough, hampered rather than enhanced by scenery, costumes, and action. Rather than allowing his voice to convey a major portion of the drama in the character, London distracted the eye with a stagey, unconvincing pattern of action that sought to provide, with detail, what it lacked in purpose. To cap an evening of histrionics meant to convey human misery with a fall and a roll down a flight of steps may win bravos, but it is hardly the way to leave an image of artistic effort.

London's costuming was admirable, his makeup promising; but his figure lacked the bulk to make a truly imposing Boris. I would have been happier with a less gesturesome, airsawing treatment of the "Clock Scene," which was neither regal nor picturesque. Much of the music had a beautiful line and the enunciation of the English text was close to remarkable. However, this is a conception that has to grow considerably before it can measure to Metropolitan stature . . . the stature, that is, of Pinza and Kipnis, forgetting, momentarily, the big name better left unsaid.

Execution aside—though not forgotten—the project showed a number of valuable elements worth cultivation. Outstanding was the thoroughly suitable, generally understandable English text by John Gutman, the sequence of scenes (including one unfamiliar one in Act Four in which the idiot accuses Boris, publicly, of his crime), and the generally consistent coloration of the Mussorgsky score as edited by Karol Rathaus. His attention to the unlettered but highly spirited text of Mussorgsky was a model of respect and restraint; perhaps when it has been performed half a dozen times some touches may be introduced to approximate the theatrical effectiveness of Rimsky's work without destroying the personal accent of Mussorgsky.

For the while, some of the blame must go to Fritz Stiedry for his overcautious, rather moodless direction. Perhaps there were valid reasons; but only the results can be described. Save for Jerome Hines, who sang a splendid Pimenn, the best vocal work was done in smaller roles: Mildred Miller as an appealing Fyodor, Jean Madeira as a suitable Nurse, Paula Lenchner as a well-sounding Xenia, and particularly Paul Franke as an artistic simpleton. Most of the others were either out of voice or miscast: Blanche Thebom (Marina) and Salvatore Baccaloni (Varlaam) in the former category, Brian Sullivan (Grigori) in the latter. Andrew McKinley, making his debut as Schuisky, did not provide either the vocal skill or the dramatic resource for this important assignment.

In totality, Rudolf Bing and his associates have created the groundwork of a "Boris" that has uncommon musical integrity and, in the English text, a new element of audience appeal. With such singers as London and Cesare Siepi in the company, Nicola Rossi-Lemeni to come next season, and a Boris Christoff as a remote but not hopeless possibility, a valid project for season after next would be a "Boris" embodying the present thinking, and the improvements it suggests, in a spare but suitable scenic frame.

* * *

Thanks to the fortunate timing of an intermission in "Boris," I was able to hear, on the same evening, enough of the performance in Carnegie Hall of the Pittsburgh Symphony to attest that in William Steinberg it has a conductor of skill, impulse, and will. Allowing for the possibility that this performance of the D major ("Haffner") symphony of Mozart had been scrubbed, polished, and rehearsed to a point of infallibility, it nevertheless came off with zest unimpaired.

Some part of the credit doubtless belongs to Fritz Reiner for the creation of the basic personnel, but it was evident that the present ensemble gives back, easily and willingly, the warm impulse and sound scholarship that Steinberg brings to music. This applied as well to the delicate inflections and sudden surges of the Bartók Violin Concerto in which Isaac Stern was the assertive, cooperative soloist.

* * *

The hypnotic spell of Richard Wagner has rarely been realized with more compulsion than in the "Very Warm for March" program with which Arturo Toscanini resumed work with the NBC Symphony Orchestra. Ordinarily, it is the better part of wisdom for a conductor to keep apart the flamboyant Wagner of the "Ride of the Valkyries" and the introspective Wagner of the "Siegfried Idyl"; but Toscanini's highly unordinary impulses showed us not only the artistic integrity at work in both of these, but also in the prelude to Act Three of "Lohengrin," the funeral music from "Götterdämmerung," and the prelude and finale of "Tristan."

There is hardly one of these that has not been assailed at some time or under some circumstances for extravagance or cheapness (excepting, always the "Siegfried Idyl"). But, by keeping every line clean, every color just, every accent appropriate—and the body heat of all the people involved, from Lohengrin to Siegfried to Brünnhilde, constant—Toscanini clarified every Wagnerian purpose. Here was a reminder, pertinent and unmistakable, that when doubts intrude about the works of a composer on the level of Wagner's genius, the fault is more likely to be in the interpreter than in the interpreted.

Record Week

THE thesis that every company, to achieve commercial respectability, has to create a "catalogue" of the whole standard literature has long been an obsession in some quarters, with results that are all too evident in the overproduction of everything from Beethoven symphonies to Strauss tone poems. Let it be said for M-G-M, in its new surge of activity, that it has shown other, and more enterprising tendencies.

Especially welcome are its coupling of Respighi-arranged Rossini materials and Malipiero-arranged Cimarosa materials in performances by

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Warwick Braithwaite and the Royal Opera Orchestra of Covent Garden on M-G-M E 3013, $4.85. (Each work bears the name of the composer as title: "Rossiniana" and "La Cimarosiana.") Those who are acquainted with the work of Respighi called "La Boutique Fantasque" (especially well played by Ansermet and the London Symphony on London LL 274) will have a more than fair idea of what "Rossiniana" is like. In fact, it was the happy outcome of "La Boutique Fantasque" (done for the Diaghileff ballet) that prompted Respighi to extract these charming melodic fragments from a suite Rossini called "Quelques Riens pour Album." Artfully embellished by Respighi's coloristic sense and tastefully recreated by Braithwaite, "Rossiniana" is decidedly listenable music.

"La Cimarosiana" (which, as Edward Cole's annotation reminds us, should not be confused with a ballet of similar name done by the Ballet Russe in 1924) is another, rather gentler matter. Malipiero seems to have left the music much as he found it, simply distributing the values through the clarinets, flutes, oboes, etc., not available to the earlier Italian. The slow movements (Andante grazioso and Larghetto) are notably good examples of Cimarosa's melodic gifts and musical cultivation. As a welcome embellishment, the side concludes with the overture to Cimarosa's "Il Matrimonio Segreto."

Equally welcome—and sensibly paired—are three Spanish Dances of Granados and Turina's "Danzas Fantasticas" on M-G-M E3018. Here the conductor is Wilhelm Scheucter, a Bonn-born musician not known to me previously either by name or reputation, who manages both musicians and music in thoroughly respectable style. The Granados dances ("Oriental," "Andaluza," and "Rondalla Aragonesa") are offered in the orchestrations of Juan Lamote de Grignon. These are agreeable enough, but I find even more attraction in the Turina dances inspired by the writings of Jose Más. No. 1 ("Exaltácion") is uncomfortably reminiscent of Falla, but the other two have strong traits of individuality, especially No. 2 titled "Ensueño." Schuecter makes Turina's orchestral currency (also his borrowings from Falla) count for a good deal.

While with Granados, attention may be directed to a collection of his "Goyescas" on Remington 199-116 ($2.49). Included are some of his most fanciful inventions played with style and good rhythmic feeling by Frieda Valenzi. The piano sound is clear, but it inclines to be edgy and brittle, factors not mitigated by Remington's processing.

—Irving Kolodin.

NEW EDITIONS

ANYONE who wishes to get a line on what the American reading public asks for year after year may do so by looking into the thirteenth edition of **"Catalog of Reprints in Series"** (H. W. Wilson, $4), edited by Robert M. Orton. This catalog lists the thousands of books that are available in ninety-two series of reprints and new editions; and the fact that they are available is proof that they are books which the publishers believe, or know, they can sell. It is also fair to assume that the popularity of any book may be calculated roughly by the number of publishers who have picked it for their series. Using this test, what do we find?

We find that "Treasure Island" is available in 19 editions, "Pride and Prejudice" in 18, "A Tale of Two Cities" in 17, "Wuthering Heights" in 15, "Gulliver's Travels" and "Alice in Wonderland" in 14, "Robinson Crusoe" and "The Scarlet Letter" in 13, and "Jane Eyre," "Huckleberry Finn" and "Tom Sawyer" in 12. Other figures of the same kind are: "The Three Musketeers" (11), "The Rubaiyat" (10), "Moby Dick" (9), "Two Years Before the Mast" (9), "Walden" (8), "Leaves of Grass" (8), "Ivanhoe" (7), "Madame Bovary" (7), "Arabian Nights" (7), Boswell's "Johnson" (7), "Decameron" (6), "Canterbury Tales" (6), "Westward Ho!" (6), "Vicar of Wakefield" (6), "Anna Karenina" (6), Gogol's "Dead Souls"—something of a surprise—(6), "Candide" (5), "Joseph Andrews" (5), "Tom Jones" (4), "Père Goriot" (4), "Crime and Punishment" (4), "The Brothers Karamazov" (2), and "War and Peace" (1). (The catalogue, among other omissions, fails to list the fine little World's Classics edition of "War and Peace." But one should not look for perfection in works of this kind.)

As to the comparative popularity of books by the same author, we find pretty much what we might expect; but there are surprises. "A Tale of Two Cities," with its 17 editions, is of course well out in front in the Dickens field, and "Oliver Twist" runs second with 12; but I could not have guessed that "Great Expectations" (10) would lead "David Copperfield" and "Pickwick" (9 each). Required reading in school may account for the fact that "Henry Esmond" (7) so far outstrips "Pendennis" (2); and it is certainly no surprise to find "Vanity Fair" (8) the star of the Thackeray stable. With Jane Austen the score runs: "Pride and Prejudice" (18), "Sense and Sensibility" (9), "Emma" (7), "Northanger Abbey" (7), "Persuasion" (6). With George Eliot it is: "Silas Marner" (9), "Adam Bede" (8), "The Mill on the Floss" (6), "Romola" (4), "Middlemarch" (2). But again, the catalogue ignores the World's Classics edition of "Middlemarch," which, if merit were all, would lead by many lengths. Trollope's "Barchester Towers" (7) is followed by "The Warden" (5) and "Dr. Thorne" (3); and "The Last Chronicle of Barset" is nowhere —but, again, the World's Classics edition of this novel is not mentioned.

When we look to see what authors are represented by the greatest number of titles, we find that Erle Stanley Gardner rates 43, and Zane Grey 50; but they are both outdistanced by a lady named Grace Livingston Hill (or Marcia Macdonald) whose titles add up to 70—all of them, however, published by a single Canadian publisher. So much for the "Catalog" as a guide to our reading tastes. I have been able only to scratch the surface of a mine of information that would reward deeper digging.

Despite the popularity of **"A Tale of Two Cities,"** it has long been the fashion for critical readers to disparage it: but now that I have just read it again, in the pleasing Folio Society edition (Duschnes, $6), illustrated by Richard Sharp, I am sure that the fashion has been overdone. Call the novel un-Dickensian if you will, yet who but Dickens could have written its best passages, one of which you will find at the very outset—the description of the Dover mail making its way up Shooter's Hill? Other Folio Society volumes recently imported by Duschnes are **"Two Tales of the Congo"** ($3.75), by Conrad, with feathery engravings by Dolf Rieser, and Surtees's **"Mr. Facey Romford's Hounds"** ($6), with colored plates by Leech and "Phiz." The first contains "An Outpost of Progress" and "Heart of Darkness." The second has happily given me an excuse to ride again with two of my favorite hunting companions—and two delightful frauds—Mr. Romford and Lucy Glitters. Facey may have been the wrong Romford so far as Burke's "Landed Gentry" is concerned, but he is the right Romford with hounds. . . . Twain's **"Roughing It"** is now in the useful Rinehart Editions (75¢).

—Ben Ray Redman.

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POETRY IN THE THEATRE

(*Continued from page 19*)

towards the moment of this hatching. But I don't know that we're altogether prepared for it, and there are one or two points I want to make about the problems of the playwright who uses verse for his working language. I use it myself, and so the problems are personal ones: to another writer they may not be problems at all; and yet they seem to me to be problems inherent in the relationship between audience and playwright at any moment of change in the theatre.

The theatre is both an easy and a difficult place to listen in. It is easy because there is a concentration of attention which somehow sharpens one's own. It is difficult because a cough can obliterate a line altogether, perhaps a very important line, a key line to a speech, or even a line on which a whole scene depends. (The best playgoers are those who die of strangulation rather than cough before the interval.) Or something on the stage may distract us, or the actor may be inaudible, all at important moments.

In a play written in the vein we're used to we can more or less supply for ourselves what we have lost in this way, but in a play which is taking up (if only in the use of language) a new attitude it's not so easy. Besides, we can become benighted in still another way: the audience can be caught by one poetic phrase and remain with it for several minutes, losing what follows.

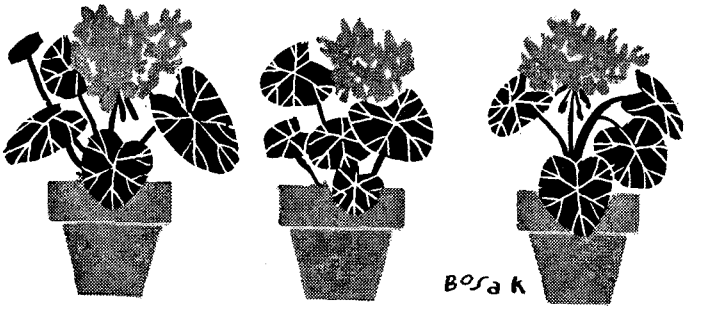
These are considerable problems, because any playwright wants his play to be understood as fully as possible at first hearing, and no audience wants to be cheated of half of what it has paid good money to hear. So the playwright must work continually at making the main theme or conflict of his play as bold as he dare, without spoiling the mood. But he can only go so far: the nature of poetry is to work not didactically, but by implication. It is simple to let words run over you like water in a shower bath, and to say as they run, "Words, words, words." But he's a strange man who will write words for their own sake alone. The pleasure, the excitement of words is that they are living and generating things which in their generation bring us nearer to understanding, or at least to the sensation of understanding. But a word which exists for its own sake alone is as dead as a *man* who exists for his own sake alone. We could fairly level the accusation of "Words, words, words" against much of our daily conversation, or against the dialogue of some drawing-room comedies. When we say, "How do you do?" and pass on without waiting for an answer, every one of those four words is stone dead. But living words usually demand greater attention: they are on the move, and we have to fall into step with them before we can fall into conversation.

There would be no need to go into all this if we belonged to almost any other century and time. Poetry has been a natural function of man for as long as we've known him. It's a sign of his vitality. Fear of it, or lack of it, is the dead hand of his material needs. I would rather have talked of the theatre without referring to it, taking it for granted that in exploring and recreating life in terms of the stage we should use language as fully charged and as pliant as we can make it. It is not a special, eclectic theatre we're considering, but a theatre at full pressure, for the full pressure of life is the rough-and-tumble of the spirit and the flesh together, the two levels on which all our actions simultaneously perform, and all our actions, in this sense, are the action of poetry. Comedy can perform on these two levels as naturally as tragedy. Where tragedy is the demonstration of the human dilemma, comedy is the comment on the human dilemma. A joke, sometimes even a bad joke, can reflect the astonishing light that we live in. Indeed, laughter itself is a great mystery of the flesh, as though the flesh were entertaining something other than itself, something vociferous but inarticulate.

This theatre I speak of, this at present immature theatre, has to make the exploration in its own way. We can do it no service by thinking of it as a return to an earlier manner, as a sudden reversal to the seventeenth century, for example. It will see, I hope, strongly with its own eyes, and discover its own tensions. It will come about, not as an imposition on the twentieth century, but growing naturally from an anticipation and a need of the present time, and you, the audience, will find it increasingly your language, and we, the playwrights, will learn to work it more skilfully into shape.

The last word on man is very far from being spoken. There is always something new under the sun, because a mystery never ages. Our difficulty is to be alive to the newness, to see through the windows which are so steamed over with our daily breath, to be able to be old and new at one and the same time. You, who are reading these words, are both a visitation, and rather a brief visitation, into a world you have never seen before, and also a continuation of an age-long process. This is part of your dramatic significance in the play of time. And the theatre we should always be trying to achieve is one where the persons and events have the recognizable ring of an old truth, and yet seem to occur in a lightning spasm of discovery. That, again, is the province of poetry. It's a province of large extent; I see it ranging from tragedy, through comedy of action and comedy of mood, even down to the playground of farce; and each of these has its own particular conflicts, tension, and shape, which, if we look for them, will point the way to the play's purpose. If we expect each play to be like another, we are off on any road except the right one.

And what condition is the theatre in to receive this change, if it comes? I think in as good a one as at any time in its history. Audiences have been alert to the change for twelve or fifteen years. We have only to remember the success of "Murder in the Cathedral" to know that.



The actors are at the very heart of this change. They understand and relish it as much as, or more than any, and will go to the length of their talent or genius to achieve it. And so, with both audience and actors ready and willing, all the playwright can do is to turn himself and demand of himself that he shall sharpen his pen to the proper point, though he is bound at moments to be apprehensive of the distance that pen still has to cover.

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POETRY

(Continued from page 21)

at the beginning of the play, "Blood Wedding"). His use of the vernacular and his art of turning the commonplace into poetry recall the French poet Apollinaire, but in his most successful poems he treats the obsessive presentiment of death. For Lorca, priests and matadors risk their lives the most constantly. Mr. Campbell reserves his highest praise for Lorca's lament for his bullfighter friend, "Llanto por Ignacio Sānchez Mejías."

This tragic death was a public calamity in Andalusia, and in the poem which celebrates it Lorca develops not only the theme of his personal grief but his particular vision of the bullfight which he sees as an occasion to contemplate Death when it appears surrounded by intense beauty.

The Pleasure of New Years

SPRING BIRTH and Other Poems. By Mark Van Doren. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 152 pp. $3.

By I. L. Salomon

NOT for a decade has a book of poetry appeared that has the warmth, maturity, and intellectual integrity of Mark Van Doren's "Spring Birth." Not since Frost's "A Witness Tree" has there been such a poetry that delights by its deceptive simplicity and unobtrusive wisdom. It is a book layered in many depths, the artifice hidden, the art revealed. Its love lyrics, reflective sonnets, brief narratives on Old Testament themes, and poems in praise of Godhead make this a poetry of Van Doren, the whole man, sensible to the great poetic tradition. He has sloughed off the derivative influences that burdened his early work, and if his "New Poems" (1948) indicated the rift, "Spring Birth" with minimal exceptions shows clearly a clean cleavage.

Not one of the abracadabra boys (Sandburg's pungent epithet), Mr. Van Doren has been accepted by the coterie fraternity, as were Robinson and Frost before him. Ever the craftsman seeking perfectibility in an art that demands complete submission of its practitioners, he is no obscurantist telescoping images with abandon. Not one of his love lyrics in the superb section "The Bird Desire" could have been written a generation ago. The metric is modern and the nuances of speech elusive. With refreshing ease, Mr. Van Doren uses the simplest of iambics, as in "I went, I saw, but will not tell,/But cannot tell, what things were there." This gift of knowing how to spell mood he establishes instantly. He values the pause between words and exploits unexpected silence in "My Poor Love" with its unrhymed tercets, each final line containing initial and end rhyme: "Trees, like words upon the wing—oh, these." He remains singularly himself, a unique lyrist of the first water. "We burn," he says, "as it is, in dream." He turns to the far land of his youth and its reminiscences, but no one will impeach his desire for solitude "to be and not be numbered" in "this absolute alone." In his title poem, he gives praise to the "lord of all beget," and indeed he is concerned with such praise in most of his poems, even in the Petrarchan sonnets, indisputably original.

It is his littleness as man on this earth, in the universe, in the void beyond him that makes him a mote in the Light that is, but one sure glance from the Godhead given him "sweetens the whole sky."

If his lines "Evil abominates and burns;/But all is waste. Nothing returns" are antithetic to Emerson's in "Uriel": "Evil will bless, and ice will burn;" if in "The God of Galaxies" he concludes the poem with Hopkins's "Praise Him," Mr. Van Doren is no less the artist. Most of his poems are inspired with the fire of sheer genius and American poetry is enriched by a new book and a classic.

—*By Adrian Allen.*

Mark Van Doren—"sheer genius."

Irish Freedom

EUROPA AND THE BULL and Other Poems. By W. R. Rodgers. New York: Farrar, Straus & Young. 94 pp. $3.

By Gerard Previn Meyer

AS Gerard Manley Hopkins once wrote, on quite a different occasion—"the achieve of, the mastery of the thing!" Mention of Fr. Hopkins in connection with the poetry of W. R. Rodgers is inevitable, because Hopkins is one of Rodgers's masters; two other poets who are, at least, *compagnons de la chanson,* are George Barker (whose motto, from Petronius, is surely Rodgers's as well: "the free spirit must be hurled headlong") and Dylan Thomas. I see I have named two brother Celts (Mr. Rodgers is Belfast-born); I should, in all justice, also note a relationship to (the work of) Edith Sitwell, who in everything but gender has lately won the right to be called master.

Some ten years back, when Mr. Rodgers's first book, "Awake!", appeared, it was necessary to cite Auden and Spender too. But a reading of "Europa and the Bull," his second collection, discloses that, except for a shared inheritance from Hopkins, little seems to remain of that early allegiance to Auden; while Rodgers's romanticism by now has far outdistanced Spender's.

But—to get back to my excuse for bringing in all these exalted names—when Hopkins ejaculated "the achieve of, the mastery of the thing!" he was not expressing an opinion of W. R. Rodgers's new book, but he might well have been. Because "Europa and the Bull" is truly a splendid achievement.

The poems in "Awake!", though hardly to be despised, were chiefly remarkable for their evidence of a new poet's reach for meanings. Reasonably enough, he was concerned with words—the tools of poetry, but yet only tools for some still unassigned task. He was sharpening them, trying them out, in preparation for "a world where words would always be / The windows of feeling (and not mere blinds)." But, only occasionally did the feeling come through: action was called for, but still waited without.

Now, however, that we have "Europa and the Bull," it is here. Superficially, this is a book largely devoted to redactions of old myths, pagan and Christian; actually, the vigor and experimentalism of these new poems move them out of the narrow circle of "pity and indignation" into novel

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and lusty affirmations. Mr. Rodgers has been brilliantly right in his choice of theme: the myth of God-pursuing-Man (or Woman, rather) is a rich one, with implications of the highest seriousness—divinity coupling with humanity (Zeus and Europa) or, contrariwise, humanity fleeing from the god (Syrinx and Pan, Daphne and Apollo). It also allows full play for Rodgers's sensual nature, which is not the least of the forces that give vitality to these poems.

The style, appropriately, is packed and rich. Rodgers out-Hopkinses Hopkins in his employment of alliteration; in his command of sound-effects generally, he easily out-Sitwells Edith; and in the rush and rampage of his lines he passes Barker and kicks his heels at Thomas, no mean heel-kicker himself. These poems must be heard to be believed.

Some of them, in fact, *have* been heard—and by wide (British) audiences, too. For Mr. Rodgers is presently a scriptwriter and producer for the B. B. C.; he also is—or was—a clergyman, of the Presbyterian Church. In "Resurrection: An Easter Sequence" and "The Journey of the Magi," both of which have been broadcast, he does obeisance to both of his vocations. I should like to have heard them on the air; I can well imagine they lent new glory to the two greatest religious occasions.

"Lent" and "Christ Walking on the Water," on the other hand, though equally concerned with chapters in the "greatest story in the world," are probably too drenched with the life of the senses for the tender ear of the listening audience. There are other poems, too, in "Europa and the Bull," which make their own myths of more mundane experience, like "The Airman," "The Train," "Song for War," "Song for Peace," and celebrations of such recurrent phenomena as the weather, night and day, the seasons.

But each seems right for its purpose. For, whatever the theme, or the occasion, of the poems in this book, there is not a one that I would willingly let go of.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S
KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 990)

C. W. STORK:
STATUETTE OF KWAN YIN
(Chinese Goddess of Mercy)

Look at her, calm and benign,
  Her little hand raised to bless!
She seems not so much divine
  As a model of courtliness. . . .
Lady, whatever our creed,
  We trust you with heart and mind.
How, to our anguished need,
  Can you ever be less than kind?

Ferocity & Brotherhood

THE SONG OF ROLAND. Translated by Frederick Bliss Luquiens. New York: The Macmillan Co. 101 pp. $2.75.

By LEONARD BACON

EVERY friend of the late Professor Luquiens, and whoever knew the gentle, courteous, simply eloquent, overwhelmingly learned man was his friend, must be gratified that Nathan Smyth's affectionate piety has caused this volume to be printed. And many not so fortunate as to have been acquainted with him will welcome a noble version of the noble "Song," which Professor Luquiens was admirably equipped to interpret. No man knew Romance languages and literature better than he, and the reviewer, who has had aid and comfort from that notable scholar, speaks with gratitude from experience.

The work before us is not only a translation but a reconstruction, by elimination, of what Professor Luquiens believed "The Song of Roland" originally to be. The epic has come down to us in fifteen or so manuscripts, one of which, the Oxford text, now enjoys a practically undisputed primacy. The Oxford text runs to 4,002 lines—forty lines shorter than "Hamlet" uncut—just the right length for a perfect thirteenth-century night's entertainment, when they wanted their poems long, in the general dearth of any amusement except dicing and drinking. This last, of course, might well accompany the declamation of the visiting trouvère.

The story is a simple one. Roland the Frankish hero, in command of the rear guard of Charlemagne's army, is betrayed to the Saracens by his stepfather Ganelon in the Pass of the Blackberry-briars, otherwise Ronceval in the Pyrenees. When his friend Oliver urges him to summon Charlmagne to aid by blowing on the great horn, Roland refuses from pride or obstinacy. When the rearguard has been all but destroyed, Roland blows the horn too late. Charlemagne returns over the pass, finds the dead heroes, pursues the retreating Saracens, encounters a fresh army under the Amir Baligant, defeats the lot, and, after an ordeal by battle between Ganelon's champion and the King's, has Ganelon put to death with truly horrible torture.

Nearly forty years ago, Professor Luquiens and I wrangled amicably as to whether "the Baligant episode," more than a third of the poem as it stands, was a late interpolation. It could be. But, as noticed above, the

—From "All Men Have Loved Thee."

thirteenth century liked its poems long, and the more episodes the merrier. I was not convinced, even when, with gentle bluntness, Professor Luquiens told me I was merely mistaken, in the very spirit of Roland's cry to the effect that "the Pagans are wrong." He clung to his belief, as I to mine, and he, accordingly, cast the Baligant episode out bodily, with some inconveniences, such as having to change the text to fit a scheme of things nearer to his heart's desire.

Apart from this, and much can be said on Professor Luquien's side of the question, I have little but praise for what a wonderful man has achieved within the limits he set for himself, *ex hypothesi*. He had knowledge and feeling, and he has come as near to reproducing the sonorous hammer-pound of the Old French decasyllables as lies in the possibilities. He has done better than that, for he has brought over intangibles of another time, of which the reader is made aware though he cannot describe them. Except for a couple of lines that limp because of slips of the pen or of the press, Professor Luquiens's version moves with the sober stateliness of the unornamented original, which is practically guiltless of such devices as simile. Only occasionally, and excusably, does he allow himself an adjective where his poet has none. In general he has religiously kept the epic's native bareness. I agree with Mr. Smyth that Professor Luquiens's version may well capture many casual readers. I will go further. It could easily lead the curious to investigate the original, which, as has been justly said, is the fairest dream of any translator worth his salt.

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The Chill of Night

A BOOK OF THE WINTER. Compiled by Edith Sitwell. New York: The Vanguard Press. 114 pp. $3.

By LOUIS UNTERMEYER

MOST anthologies are, in the strictest sense of the phrase, readers' digests. They are usually compiled from other compilations, a culling and a condensation of six or eight already existing treasuries. Occasionally, however, an anthology appears which reveals that the compiler, ignoring the compendiums, has gone to the prime source and has so treasured the originals that the result is, in itself, a personal and original work.

Such a collection is Edith Sitwell's "A Book of the Winter." It is as keen and frosty-fresh as the season it depicts. It sparkles not only in character but in content, and even more in the way the content has been presented. Miss Sitwell declares frankly that she is not trying to make a hodgepodge of everything that has been written about winter. "In this book I have been concerned, principally, with the making of a pattern," she says, "a pattern like that, perhaps of those traceries—frost upon the windowpane, echoing the patterns of fern, of flower, of feather—which were my earliest memory." It is obvious, not only from this volume but Miss Sitwell's own poetry, that her memory is as unique as it is vivid. Here is a fantasy from the Chinese (second century B.C.) juxtaposed with fragments of John Dryden and John Donne; here are English ecstasies as traditional as rare fifteenth-century carols and as experimental as Gerard Manley Hopkins's dirge; pages as amusing as the glorification of the cat from Christopher Smart's wildly cumulative "Rejoice in the Lamb" and as exalted as "The Divine Darkness," by Dionysius the Areopagite. The book would not be Miss Sitwell's without touches of the quaint and macabre—including one delightful apparition that disappeared "with a curious perfume and most melodious twang"—as well as occasional angels among the devils.

No anthology can satisfy every reader—particularly when one reader is another anthologist—but even the least critical reader will be justified in a bit of carping. For one thing he has a right to complain of certain editorial inconsistencies. Miss Sitwell seems determined to print her French selections in the original language, but she changes her mind. Although Rimbaud, for example, appears on pages 37-8 in his native tongue, he appears on pages 77 and 113-14 in straightforward English versions. But this is a small quibble. The reader—every reader—must be grateful to Miss Sitwell for her special skill and taste, if only for including her own sprightly and lightly Skeltonian "Narrative of the Demon of Tedworth." Here is a wonderland which will, perhaps, be appreciated most in summer.

—*Culver.*

Lord Tennyson as Poet Laureate.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 509

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 509 will be found in the next issue.

KCANPBNAF

NL ADG

KMNLAHRMKRF

HE DNLAHMF.

QBSKL

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 508

Ambition is like love, impatient both of delays and rivals.
—DENHAM.

Poetry Notes

A POET AND HIS CRITICS: In the nineteenth century, when popular poetry and influential magazines flourished, poets were often judged on the basis of personalities and politics. The most notorious of such injustices was the attack on Keats by two important Tory magazines. Alfred Tennyson, too, was sensitive to his reviewers. He not only suffered; he also altered his poetry to conform to what officious critics suggested. That much has generally been known. To determine their effect more exactly, Edgar Finley Shannon, Jr. has compiled a documented study of **"Tennyson and the Reviewers"** (Harvard University Press, $4). His conclusion is that Tennyson both suffered and altered less than previous scholars have thought.

The study's virtues as scholarly research—its thorough and cautious pedestrianism—works to its disadvantage as reading. But even with such sluggishness, it offers some instructive ironies. The reviewers, as Mr. Shannon shows, exerted pressure on Tennyson to be more didactic, and to be more speculative and analytic (instead of poetic). He tried to conform, for he wanted to be a great and a popular poet. And these qualities were the very ones which caused his stature to diminish after his death. Today his reputation is to some extent being rehabilitated, but only because of his "poetic" rather than his philosophical and social poetry. The irony points the moral of Sidney's advice: "Fool, look into thy heart, and write." —ROBERT HALSBAND.

SIX HUNDRED YEARS OF ENGLISH VERSE: From Chaucer—of whom another great poet wrote, "Here is God's plenty"—up to the present day, English poets have produced a plentiful and rich stream of poetry. It can be charted in two directions: poets are influenced by their literary forbears and by their own times. In **"English Poetry"** (Oxford, $2.50) Douglas Bush has written a brief survey which within its modest limits of two hundred small pages shows a clear perspective of six centuries. His breadth of culture and incisive style make the book more than a mere manual of dates and dry facts. Although he discusses the major poets more fully, he does not neglect the important minor ones. He sketches in the relevant background—political, social, or intellectual—to explain why the poetic current flowed this way or that. His attitude is generally conservative; he neither erects nor topples any idols of accepted critical judgment.—R. H.

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FICTION

(*Continued from page* 17)

aroused the abolitionists. If Mrs. Stowe had been from Alabama, and had written as understandingly from that vantage point as she wrote movingly from a distant one, she might have brought about the manumission of slaves and averted the needless shedding of blood.

Mr. Wallace has written a book that holds the reader's interest, informs him of a way of life of which he was unaware, and unobtrusively points a moral, or several of them. It ought to find a ready regional market, and deserves a national one.

—W. H. KITTRELL.

IN THE JAMES MANNER: Writing in a deliberately complicated and involuted prose that is reminiscent of at least the manner of Henry James, George Lanning has produced a first novel of remarkable verbal felicity and practically no emotional force. **"This Happy Rural Seat"** (World $3.50) is, to put briefly what Mr. Lanning has been at pains to put at great length, the story of Mr. Komar who went to buy a house and found himself emotionally entangled with a woman roughly his own age (sixty) and her mother. In the end, Mr. Komar finds himself rather ambiguously in love with either Blanche, the daughter, or with a long dead ancestor. Undoubtedly many of Mr. Lanning's subtler intentions eluded me, but I cannot feel that the story he has chosen to tell is worth quite all the tricks he has employed in telling it. They are good tricks and they are not the tricks of a frivolous man; but I think they obscure the fact that the author hasn't figured out what he wants to say well enough to say it clearly. I'd like to see a story in which he employs his undoubted technical virtuosity in developing somewhat more substantial material. —E. J. F.

AEGEAN RAPTURES: The neo-lost generation flourishes not only on the shores of the Hudson and the Seine, but apparently on the shore of the Aegean as well. In **"No Name in the Street"** (Grove Press, New York, $3) Kay Cicellis presents a group of young Athenians whose condition is the aftermath of the war and the German Occupation. Through the eyes and thoughts of Gregory, who for a short time is drawn into the group, we observe their aimless raptures, their frantic attempts to seize a sense of meaningful reality. "Make me come true," Gregory says to Marya, with whom he has a brief love affair; and that remark underlines all the fumbling by these young people who gather in cafés, go off on excursions to nearby islands, and play at love and at little theatre productions.

It is doubtless a promising theme for a novel, but Miss Cicellis's shows serious deficiencies: too many vaguely individualized characters and a weak inconsequential plot. Her fine-textured prose, with its subtle thoughts and poetic metaphors, does not serve to focus her story into any distinct and progressive movement. Petty incidents and garrulous dialogue after a while smother the reader's attention. So although we are now aware that "the sun also rises" over the Acropolis, it does not, in this novel, illuminate a very clear or interesting terrain. —ROBERT HALSBAND.

LONG LIFE, LONG MEMORY: Writing in a style and in a setting that is strikingly reminiscent of Virginia Woolf in her earlier novels, particularly "To the Lighthouse," first novelist Beatrice Page has constructed a gently moving story that is evocative and sometimes brilliant in execution. **"The Bracelet"** (Bobbs-Merrill, $3.) is the long backward look by a woman of over sixty years at a life which involved complicated relationships with five men—her father, her first husband, her lover, her second husband, and her son. The looking back takes place on a pilgrimage across pastures, beach, and rocky ledge to a lighthouse where her son—estranged from her for sixteen years—lives. Miss Page slips deftly back and forth in time, dropping hints here and there of developments to be revealed later. These time shifts have two results: they add a pleasantly light suspense to what would otherwise be too simple a story; they also provide without clinical stressing considerable Freudian overtones. The symbolism is perhaps a little too thick throughout and the craft gets occasionally arch. (I almost balked when a bell on a buoy at sea turned into a bell-boy in Rome.) Too, in order to get some action into the contemporary part of her tale she makes her heroine fall a little frequently as she crosses the pasture. But generally she has her material and style under admirable control. I'd like to see her handling of a more substantial story.

—E. J. F.

New Fiction

Because of lack of space, we are unable to review the new works of fiction described below. We hope to give more extended notice to many of them in forthcoming issues.

THE BECKONING WATERS. By Robert Carse. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.95. Alan Kennard climbs from shanty boy to big business operator in this story of the Great Lakes shipping and mining industry.

THE BRIGHT BATTALIONS. By Howard Breslin. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co. $3.50. Adventuresome Kevin O'Conner lends his talents to the French Army during its British and Indian wars but also finds time for an Indian priestess and a persistent French lass.

CARAVAN TO XANADU. By Edison Marshall. New York: Farrar, Straus & Young. $3.50. Marco Polo's thirteenth-century venture in China and the exotic court of *Kublai Khan was not believed by* Marco's European contemporaries. Mr. Marshall, an accomplished historical fictioneer ("Yankee Pasha," "The Viking"), should have no such difficulty with his readers.

THE EVERLASTING ARMS. By Garth Hale. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3. A Baptist minister in a Midwestern city takes a hand in uprooting vice in his community after his daughter has fallen victim to narcotics.

THE HEART ALONE. By George Howe. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50. Conflict starts early for two sisters who from childhood on have set their hearts on the same man. The undeserving sister wins, but marriage becomes only the beginning of her troubles.

A HOUSE OF HER OWN. By Robert F. Mirvish. New York: William Sloane Assoc. $3.50. Being in top demand in Venezuela's Hotel Internacional rouses Margo's entrepreneurial ambition to run an independent establishment of her own for the practice of what is commonly believed to be the world's oldest profession.

THE LAST HUSBAND. By William Humphrey. New York: William Morrow & Co. $3. Short stories that have as a common theme the problems of individuals within their family groups.

LET THE SPRING COME. By Henry Schindell. New York: Appleton-Century-Crofts. $3. The hectic days of the American Revolution provide the backdrop for a lively novel.

THE LOT OF HER NEIGHBORS. By Bonner McMillion. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $3.50. A small town family's elation at coming into money carries it to violence and self-destruction.

THE OUTSIDER. By Richard Wright. New York: Harper & Bros. $3.50. After a long absence from the literary scene, Mr. Wright returns with a novel about a Chicago Negro caught in the grip of the Communist Party.

SCATTERED SEED. By Stuart Engstrand. New York: Julian Messner. $3. The story of a professional tree-trimmer who also tries his hand at seduction and robbery.

THE SWAN. By Marguerite Steen. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $3. A romantic yarn about nineteenth-century England by the author of "The Sun Is My Undoing."

SWAN'S HARBOR. By Eleanor Mayo. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. $3. The author of "October Fire" describes the rivalry of twin brothers in a story of the Maine coast.

VOICES IN THE HOUSE. By John Sedges. New York: John Day Co. $3. Jessica's psychological aberrations and distorted mind throw the lives of people around her out of kilter.

THE WHITE ROSE OF MEMPHIS. By William C. Falkner. New York: Coley Taylor—The Bond Wheelwright Co. $5. A literary curio now but a fiction best seller for some time after its publication in 1881, this study of the Reconstruction South was written by the great-grandfather of Nobel-prize winner William Faulkner. —S. M.

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BOOKED for TRAVEL

THE CAMPUS CARAVAN

THE same spring that brings the apple blossoms to the valleys of Virginia, and the overpriced dogwood sprigs to the smart florists on Madison Ave., brings to our desk a bumper blooming of flowery phrases on the pleasures of studying abroad. It becomes quite clear after only the most cursory sampling of this memorabilia that there are tours designed for those whose educational interests lie among books, in sketching, in religion, architecture, in music, and lord knows what else. There has been such a fine departmentalization these days that all but the queerest interest can be suited as long as it is not frivolous.

From the vast orchard that has grown on the desk it is clear that there are few plain and simple pleasure tours any more, and I for one am curious to know what has happened to them. If this is going to be an age of specialization, maybe someone ought to step forward with a Tipplers Tour from the ale houses of London to the Côte de Beaune, or perhaps a ten-week tour In the Footsteps of Farouk—with stops at Estoril, Aix-les-Bains, Monte Carlo, Como, and Capri.

This year's crop of study tours features many trips sponsored by universities, and foreign-bound teams will be fielded by Temple, Texas Christian, Columbia, Syracuse, Lafayette, and even Theta Sigma Phi. Most of these study tours will be led by professors, and I'm here to tell the Congressional investigators probing dire doings on the campuses that they had better hurry. From the number of trips scheduled for the summer the only professors left on this side of the drink will be the aged, the infirm, the xenophobic, and those already in the pillories and stocks.

As heretofore, this corner prints as a matter of public service, news of a fair sampling of study tours, making no pretense towards formulating a directory, nor inferring by omission that a tour lacks merit, nor conferring any *SR* seal of approval on any trip by inclusion. It is quite impossible for this publication to investigate tour parties, and, as we have said in prior years, we take no responsibility should a Harvard sophomore engage in some violent *amour* with an Italian countess and refuse to come home, should a wood nymph from Bryn Mawr be dallying with an Algerian sultan even as the call for the fall term resounds across the Pennsylvania plains. The hazards of travel, that's all.

To get down to specifics, Study Abroad, 250 West 57 St., New York, has a number of tours for art students, among them "Art History and Sketching in Europe," which includes a run through England, Holland, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, and France, departing July 7 and returning September 3 by air. The cost is $987, and Mrs. Mayo Johnson of Hiram College is the leader. "Art Through the Ages" is seven weeks in Italy and Paris for the same figure, led by Professor Paul Zucker. Study Abroad and Temple University are offering "The Art of Western Europe" led by Dr. Herman Gundersheimer of that institution. It departs on the *Andrea Doria* June 27, works up Italy, across the Riviera, up through middle France through Belgium and Holland, then across to England and home Sept. 2 at a cost of $1,285.

The American Travel Company has "Art and Design in Europe 1953" under the direction of Professor Hytheum of Syracuse at a minimum of $695 if you travel both ways by ship, and commensurate additions for plane travel. André Racz of the Columbia University School of Painting and Sculpture takes a workshop tour for art students to Italy and France departing July 11 under the auspices of British American Tours, 542 Fifth Ave., New York. The overseas jump is aboard Air France and the cost is $1,385 plus $15 for a registration fee. A non-profit organization, The Association for Academic Travel Abroad, has organized a three-country introduction to European art, leaving the last week in June ending in Paris August 10 at a cost of $1,125. A seventy-three-day art tour for $790 is planned by the U. S. National Student Association, with seven days in Amsterdam, a stop in Bruges, and covering Paris, the Holbeins in Basle, and two weeks in Italy. NSA, which has offices at 48 West 48 St. New York, also has a seventy-four day music festival tour for $825 stopping at Salzburg, Amsterdam, Lucerne, Bayreuth, Edinburgh, and just where you might expect.

Anybody with an interest in architecture and urban planning should look into Columbia University's "Urban Europe" tour, a nine-week excursion covering Britain, Scandinavia, Holland, Belgium, and France. Travel is by Pan American and chartered bus, the leader is Professor J. Marshall Miller, and travel and living expenses come to $1,295. A combination of art and music on the same tour is offered by Study Abroad and Potsdam State Teachers College for $975. Led by Potsdam music teacher Helen Hosmer, it departs June 29, gets as far east as Vienna, covers much of the territory between there and the Channel. Travel and Study of 110 East 57 St., New York, has art, theatre, and music combined on a sixty-two-day, five-country odyssey pegged at $1,200.

Thespians, theatre buffs, and embryo emoters are invited to join "Dramatic Art in Western Europe," an excursion into the realm of the European theatre led by Anthony Ross, Broadway actor. The itinerary includes two weeks each in Paris, in London, at the Salzburg Festival, and in Italy.

AT least three book tours have come across this desk. Texas Christian University is sending a "Literary Pilgrimage to Europe" under Dr. T. C. Crenshaw. Arrangements are being made by American Travel (11 West 42 St., New York), for the forty-seven-day trip which invades nine countries at a cost of $1,002. Gerard Alexander, young keeper of the maps for the New York Public Library, conducts another "Library Tour of Europe" also with American Travel. Seven countries are covered in thirty-five days for $1,146 with transatlantic travel by KLM. St. John's College of Annapolis and Study Abroad have organized a Great Books seminar in Europe leaving June 29 and returning August 18. It's limited to thirty participants who will pay $987 each.

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White Sails and Silver Wings

By Thurman Price

On the hot afternoon of June 4 1833, hardly a ripple stirred the surface of the Patapsco River at Baltimore. But there was noise and excitement enough in the shipyards, as down the ways slid America's first clipper ship—the *Ann McKim.*

She was no ordinary ship. She was a ship destined to change the whole course of sailing ship history—the fastest, loveliest, and easily the largest merchantman of her day. Her frame was of live oak, her hull sheathed with red copper, her flush deck fitted with Spanish mahogany. She mounted twelve guns, was equipped with brass capstan heads, brass ship's bells and she carried three skys'l yards and royal studding sails.

When, in 1837, she beat through the Virginia Capes 42 days from Cape Horn, she had set a record that rocked shipowners on their heels from Charleston on the South to Boston, Bangor and Bucksport, Maine, on the North.

They knew her in China, too, and she and the clipper ships that followed took the American flag around the world. It was with astonishment, often mixed with awe, that many a foreigner at sea first saw these high-masted, white-sailed clippers appear astern, draw even, and in a few hours boil on ahead. "Yankee," they said, when they first identified the stripes on the American flag whipping out from the peak. And, "Look how she runs," as, with every yard of canvas bellied out tight on her yardarms, she swept majestically out of sight. When their name and reputation had spread across the Atlantic, and one of the earlier clippers appeared in London, an English newspaper said, "*Envy itself could find no flaw in her.*"

The proud tradition of America's sailing clippers is carried on today by the silver-winged Clippers* of Pan American World Airways. The nation's commerce, its postal system and the national defense are served by these giant 4-engine Clippers which bear the names of their great seagoing forebearers—names like *Black Hawk, Dauntless, Endeavor, West Wind, Guiding Star* . . . and *Ann McKim.*

*Trade-Mark, Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

(*Advertisement*)

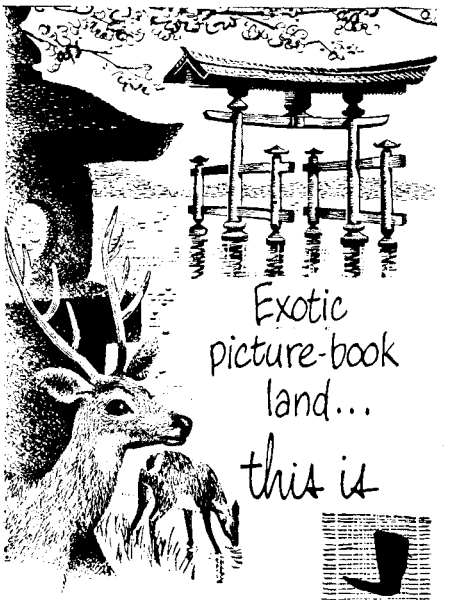
nalism School, Dr. Ralph Nafziger, will lead journalism students on an exploration of seven countries for a total of $1,175 leaving late June or early July. The trip, which goes under the dramatic title of "Foreign Assignment 1953," is organized by Travel and Study, and slants its itinerary to include visits with dignitaries and inspections of press facilities abroad.

Texas Christian University and American Travel will send out their third annual "Church Cooperation in Europe" trip July 3, Dr. M. E. Sadler, president of the university, leading. "Religion and Culture" will be examined under that title on a trip by Study Abroad to Italy conducted by Dr. Dietrich Von Hildebrand, professor of Fordham. One of the most ambitious programs is being undertaken by Lafayette College, which will send study tours around the world ($2,195), around South America ($1,395), to the Middle East ($1,495), and to Europe ($995 to $1,395). Former Lafayette trippers had audiences with Nehru, the prime minister of Japan, the Pope, and the Shah of Iran. Participants can expect similar treatment—all subject, of course, to local politics.

All manner of study tours which do not select one particular subject are listed, and among these there is a wide choice from the offerings of Transmarine Tours' Guild of Student Travel led by educators from Rutgers, Vassar, the University of Mississippi, Juilliard, Ohio State, Dickinson, Barnard, and just about every other institute short of P. S. 6, Manhattan. Columbia Tours has economy trips for college students and young teachers.

If you are a Spanish student, Melia Tours (501 Madison Ave.) has a special trip to that country for *profesores y estudiantes de Español.* If you want to visit the art colonies and the philosophers' rendezvous, Columbia Travel Service has a "Southern Europe Tour" that includes such lures as a promise of distinguished luncheon guests and a swim in the Tiber. If you want to do it by car, see Professor Striedieck of Penn State, who leads "Auto Trails in Europe," or Donald R. Hart, who operates "Crow's Nest" trips and who has written a book called "Europe in Your Car." And if there is anyone around who doesn't want to see Europe by car, by museum, by church, by book, or by music festival SITA (545 Fifth Ave.) has some excursions in quite the opposite direction, meandering through Hawaii, Japan, the Philippines, Hong Kong, Siam, Malaya, and Burma.

If anybody is looking for me, I'll be down at Atlantic City studying my long division. —Horace Sutton.



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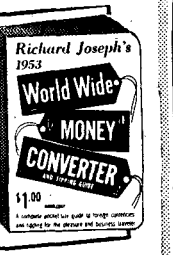

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About a Boat Abroad

LOW-COST space on transatlantic ships is all but closed out, and tourist-class air seats are already tight in early spring and summer months, a last-minute *SR* survey shows. Certain austerity berths on sailings specifically designed for tourists are still to be had, and there is a scattering of first-class bunks. If you have nothing in hand but the cash and the urge to up and away to Europe here are your chances:

Cunard: Tourist class on all ships is "applications only" until the middle of May, and locked tight from then until July 8. However, the *Georgic* will make one run April 23 and austerity tourist space is available. Cabin class can still be had until April 15, is tight from then until May, and is "applications only" until July 15. First-class space is available for April, and applications will be accepted in May and June for all except the May 26 departure of the *Caronia,* which is sold out.

French Line: All sold out, all classes in April, cabin class sold out until mid-July, and tourist until the end of July. Limited first-class space in May and July.

Holland-America: Tourist-class "wait list" from June to August, cabin class same state from July to September. Few berths on hand for May 12 sailing of the *Maasdam,* May 19 *Veendam,* and a scattering of first space in May and June. However, the *Grootbeer, Zuiderkruis,* and *Waterman,* all owned by the Dutch Government and operated by Holland-America, have dormitory and cabin accommodations, round trip only, sailing from Halifax, Montreal, or New York.

Swedish American: Tourist class solid March 24 to August 4, some first-class space on April 10 sailing but going fast. First class otherwise booked tight April 21 through July 10.

American Export Lines and the **Italian Line:** First class sold out from now to mid-July, limited cabin-class space on odd sailings in May and June, and odd berths in tourist class April, May, and June.

U.S. Lines: Tourist class is "applications only" March 21 to August 14 on the *America* and *United States.* Cabin class, nothing available on either ship until late August. The *United States* is sold out in first class through July 10 and the *America* has limited space

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in two May sailings but is otherwise "wait list."

Home Lines: *Italia* has no space in April, first class only in May, thereafter nothing in either class until late July. The *Homeland* (nee *Drottningholm*) reports some tourist space in April, nothing in any class May, June, and July. The *Atlantic* sailing from Quebec has space in both classes in April and then none until mid-July.

The Council on Student Travel (179 Broadway, New York City) will send the S.S. *Arosa Kulm* from Quebec to Southampton, Le Havre, and Bremerhaven on June 9 and July 4, teachers and students only. Space is reserved for students and teachers on other sailings of the all tourist-class ship.

Europe by Air

AIRLINES are not sold out, but reservations are not easy to obtain in first- or tourist-class flights in May and June. Pan American will have two first-class and two tourist-class flights daily, but things are tight the last part of May and all through June. TWA will have thirty-five flights a week with May a tight month in first class, and tourist seats difficult to obtain beginning in April. However, the line believes it will be able to offer space within ten days of a desired date. Bookings are already tight on TWA's southern route to Lisbon, Madrid, and Rome.

BOAC increases its flights to eleven Stratocruiser runs and eight Constellation flights a week beginning May 1. If you have any ideas about flying over at Coronation time, better bring your own wings. Some May flights are sold out even with the increase of eight flights on BOAC, but first-class and tourist-class tickets are available if you are not sticky about a special day.

In a sampling of other foreign airlines, KLM reports that its tourist flights to Europe are sold out in May, June, and the first two weeks in July. The Dutch will be flying eight tourist and six standard, first-class flights each week.

Beginning April 1 the first-class fare from New York to London and back is $711, on tourist flights, $486. If the line of your favorite nationality is sold out, bear in mind that, in addition to those already mentioned, flights from New York to Europe are conducted regularly by the airlines of Belgium, France, Italy, the Scandinavian countries, Switzerland, Israel, and just about everybody else but Lichtenstein. Probably not enough room for a runway, that's why.

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AMERICANA

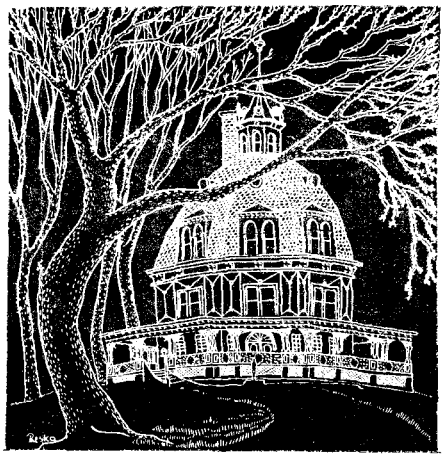
(Continued from page 14)

would have revealed them as very human beings, are noticeably sublimated. Nevertheless, this group portrait is at least a cut above the old success stories we read during the Twenties in the *American Magazine*.

The greatest tribute that can be paid to Mr. and Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., is that they miraculously succeeded in raising their sons not to be ordinary ne'er-do-well scions of the rich; and the greatest tribute to the brothers is that in the third generation of great wealth they are not only holding their fortune together, but are displaying a highly developed sense of stewardship about it.

They are the responsible rich. Like all boys, each has sought to strike out on some line that will differentiate his contribution from those of his grandfather and father; yet at the same time each has apparently shown a willingness to subordinate his ambitions and desires to the larger needs of the group. There is, moreover, a definite philosophy transmitted down from the first generation and undeviatingly followed—the support of economic pilot projects derives from the long-established policy of the Rockefeller Foundation of giving grants to initiate new activities, or to help those already going over the initial hump.

Believing in democratic capitalism, the Rockefeller brothers wish to see it work. Consequently they have supplied "venture capital"—investments in new industries or products, in new kinds of housing, in backward areas. Unlike the average business man, they have money enough and inherited experience to enable them to think in abstractions—of housing rather than a house—and therefore to undertake economic planning for the future. They can and will concentrate on fundamentals. For example, the International Basic Economic Corporation which supervises their interests in South America "covers a variety of activities. It includes a little of everything from hard-boiled business relations and high finance to philanthropy and international relations, plus a touch of global uplift." Myriads of "projects" come under



the brothers' purview: banking, race relations, oil companies, philanthropies, Nelson's eleventh-hour scheme to bring the United Nations to New York.

Sometimes, of course, one feels their enthusiasms lack a sense of reality—and history—as in the case of propagating democracy. Mr. Morris doesn't explain how restored Williamsburg, which came into existence as the capital of the only aristocracy America ever knew, can become "a stage for a deeper spiritual presentation of the inspiring story of early democracy in America."

Now that they are in the third generation of unparalleled wealth, the Rockefellers have become more than a family—they are an institution. In addition to Mr. Rockefeller, Jr., the five brothers, and their sister Abbie, who constitute the blood kinship, there are a number of individuals who cluster about the family and exert great influence. Mr. Morris has neither probed nor understood this profound relationship which is of great interest to the public. He discusses Wallace Harrison, the architect, but says little if anything of the advisers, legal experts, public-relations men (the spirit of Ivy Lee is still potent), administrators, and a host of other less exalted functionaries.

These men have come to have a vital stake in the doings of the Rockefellers, and closer examination, I think, might reveal that the source of many a family undertaking or even long-range policy was in some of these mayors of the palace.

While this book reads along easily and will doubtless satisfy the normal curiosity of the public about a distinguished family, it not only fails to penetrate beneath the surface but is carelessly written. Also, where my knowledge assists me, I find it sometimes slipshod as to facts. The American people—yes, and those Rockefeller brothers—deserved a better book.

Carl Bridenbaugh, former director of the Institute of Early American History and Culture, Williamsburg, Virginia, is now professor of U. S. history at the University of California.

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Americana Notes

JEFFERSON AFTER THE REVOLUTION: The nearly three years from May 1781 to March 1784 were momentous for the United States and for the author of the embattled republic's Declaration of Independence. To the new nation they brought a successful conclusion of the long conflict with Great Britain. In Jefferson's life they encompassed the closing months of his troubled tenure of the Virginia governor's office; his writing of "Notes on Virginia"; the death of his wife and a period of deep melancholy, and a reluctant return to public life, first as a designated peace commissioner, whose appointment was countermanded before he could sail, and then as a leading member of the peripatetic Confederation Congress. These are the years covered in Volume 6 of **"The Papers of Thomas Jefferson"** (Princeton University Press, $10), edited by Julian P. Boyd and his associates.

It is a relief to the reader, as it certainly was to Jefferson, to finish the formal and often spiritless gubernatorial correspondence and to turn to natural history and affairs of the mind. Now, for example, there was an opportunity to write to the Western commander, George Rogers Clark, about the important business of collecting mammoth bones and sending them to Monticello, or to tell James Madison, in cipher, of Patrick Henry's machinations and to ask Madison's advice on a draft constitution for Virginia. There are also some wonderful letters to Jefferson's eleven-year-old Patsy, advising her on her course of study. The broad-ranging interests of Jefferson are manifest in this volume of his papers. The editorial notes and bookmaking continue to deserve unqualified praise.

—J. Merton England.

FDR'S SPA: Warm Springs, Georgia, was known as a curative retreat even to the Creek Indian tribes who first inhabited the region. And until the Civil War, it was one of the better known watering places in the South. But the modern Warm Springs story, as Turnley Walker makes clear in **"Roosevelt and the Warm Springs Story"** (A. A. Wyn $3.50), is mainly the story of the man who regained a measure of his health there, and who went on to become governor of New York and four times President of the United States. When Franklin Roosevelt came to Warm Springs in 1924, it was on the off chance that here might be a place which could help him recapture some of his motor power. What he found was a dilapidated spa, insolvent and

run-down, operating as a third-rate resort. He also found a pool of naturally warmed spring water which had already aided one polio victim to recover some of his muscular functioning. Warm Springs literally put Roosevelt on his feet and set him on the road to political achievement.

Mr. Walker knows the workings of the Warm Springs Foundation from firsthand experience, and he tells with insight and understanding the story of Roosevelt's physical rehabilitation and sponsorship of Warm Springs. His book illuminates an inspiring chapter in the life of Franklin Roosevelt.

—Martin Levin.

CRUSADER FOR AIR POWER: When General Billy Mitchell was court-martialed and found guilty in 1925 for openly accusing a cavalry-minded Army and a battleship-minded Navy of "incompetency, criminal negligence and [an] almost treasonable administration" of our then fast-withering air force, there were many in this country who felt that the verdict was just, and that Mitchell was an egomaniac, a publicity hound, mad, and even subversive. But there were others, especially abroad, who sensed that much of what he had already said and demonstrated might well be true and immensely important. We know now, of course, that Mitchell's conception of air power was essentially correct.

Two new biographies of Mitchell, **"My Brother Bill,"** by Ruth Mitchell (Harcourt Brace, $4), and **"General Billy Mitchell: Champion of Air Defense,"** by Roger Burlingame (McGraw-Hill, $3), give us a fresh and varied picture of this furiously energetic man who began accelerating even before he was of age. Born in 1879 of a well-to-do Wisconsin family, he became the youngest officer in the Army during the Spanish-American War, completed the first telegraph line across Alaska a few years later, and at the outbreak of the First World War, finally plunged into aviation. Miss Mitchell's biography of her brother is most interesting when she discusses the Alaskan interlude, but she tends to get popeyed

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and short of breath when writing of his more controversial years. Mr. Burlingame, however, who is the author of other books on flying, has given us a balanced, objective, and generally excellent book that allows the reader to decide whether Mitchell was insane, or a man of intense farsightedness. —WHITNEY BALLIETT.

MEMORABILIA OF A MONTEREY MERCHANT: In the middle 1840's pastoral California began to feel the stirring of new forces that upset the humdrum life of Mexican provincials and the few-score Anglo-American settlers. The swelling Pacific trade and whaling industry stimulated business in California ports. International tension spread to the once-quiet province as the "manifest destiny" spirit of expansion in the United States seemed likely to bring war with Mexico over Texas and with Britain over Oregon. And more and more of the covered wagons in the caravans crossing the plains from the Mississippi Valley were turning southward to join John Sutter's colony near the Sacramento.

Thomas O. Larkin, Monterey merchant and United States consul, carried on an extensive business and official correspondence that well illustrates these new forces and the increasing involvement of California in the course of American empire. Volumes II and III of **"The Larkin Papers"** (University of California Press, $10 each), edited by George P. Hammond, contain his correspondence in the Bancroft Library and in the National Archives for the years 1843-44 and 1845 respectively. Ultimately there will be ten of these handsome volumes.

The papers include, besides business items and consular reports, long letters from Larkin to New York newspaper editors describing California's growth, and many friendly personal and family letters. There is excellent detail on the uprising in 1845 which overthrew Governor Micheltorena. Larkin, commenting on the "*great* battle," says: "The cannonade was keep [*sic*] up a great part of two days. Loss, four horses. The men were wiser, keeping out of the way of Cannon balls & grape—they only like the latter (under the same name) when distilled."

These two volumes contain much material of interest to historians of the westward movement, of American diplomacy, and of social and economic development. But they would be far more useful if they had really been edited instead of merely transcribed, however accurately, and published, however beautifully.

—J. MERTON ENGLAND.

ROME'S LAST CHANCE

(*Continued from page 9*)

when two "dangerous revolutionaries," the brothers Gracchi, attempted vital reforms. A century earlier, as the culmination of a long struggle, Roman citizens had indeed won democracy, but the war with Hannibal (218-201 B.C.) was so long and terrible that it seemed wise to let the experienced senate assume more and more control of affairs. When this success was followed by a splendid expansion of frontiers, there was a growing tendency on the part of the people not to exercise what had once been their political custom. In fact, 100 of the 108 consuls between 200 and 146 B.C. belonged to families who had previously held the office.

The issue before the Gracchi, and civilization itself for that matter, was to enable the people to regain their ancient rights and at the same time take cognizance of their changed social and economic status. A relatively few families, having raped the world, possessed nearly all its wealth, whereas the masses were homeless and were becoming increasingly unfit to govern an Empire. Tiberius Gracchus summed up the picture as follows in a speech:

> The wild beasts of Italy have their dens and holes and hiding places, while the men who fight and die in defense of Italy enjoy indeed the air and light, but nothing more. Houseless and without a spot of ground to rest upon, they wander about with their wives and children, while their commanders with a lie in their mouths exhort the soldiers in battle to defend their tombs and temples against the enemy; for out of so many Romans no one has a family altar or ancestral tomb, but they fight to maintain the wealth and luxury of others, and they die with the title of lords of the earth without possessing a single clod to call their own.

The modest aim of Tiberius Gracchus, following his election as tribune, and of his brother after him, was to improve the condition of the poor. As he saw it, this involved rescuing as many families as possible from the idleness of the city and filling the country with thrifty farmers in place of slaves. Their forebears had been on the land until driven off by Hannibal's devastation. Now, by giving them an opportunity to earn a living, Tiberius hoped to make them honest, useful citizens and at the same time

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strengthen the army by increasing the number of citizens legally qualified to serve—for Tiberius's words show that armies had recently and illegally come to include the homeless.

Another proposal of Tiberius Gracchus was to limit the rich to a reasonable use of the public land, as the law required. The upshot of it all was that the senatorial class became alarmed. The men who had voted the destruction of Corinth and Carthage, and had followed a policy of treachery and cruelty in the treatment of foreign enemies, now turned to mob violence at home for putting down a political foe. Tiberius and three hundred of his followers were murdered, and their bodies thrown into the Tiber. This was the first, but not the last time that blood was shed in a political struggle at Rome, and the leaders of the mob were senators—the rich, the educated, the privileged.

WE suggested a moment ago that antiquity may have had its last chance with the Gracchi, but obviously as long as the individual is able, somehow, to exert himself politically, there is always hope for the future. With the advantage of hindsight, however, we can say that the failure of the Gracchan reforms made Caesarism, or *one-man rule, inevitable.* The reactionary attitude of the senatorial class provoked a revolution that was to last a hundred years. The aim of the revolutionary party was to substitute the assembly for the senate, democracy for oligarchy, in fact as well as in theory. Contrary to expectations, the revolution first re-established the old position of the senate, at the expense of tribunate and assembly, and ended in the overthrow of the Republic.

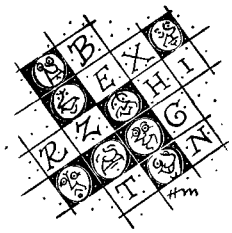
To begin with, the city mob grew ever larger and though it could not be accounted fit to govern an Empire, it did enjoy the amusements made possible by that Empire. The real fruits of imperial rule, however, went on the one hand to the members of the senatorial class, who satisfied their pride and ambition in government service and lined their pockets in the provinces; and on the other hand, to the equestrians or capitalists, who made their fortunes from provincial taxes and dues. Consequently the sources of wealth, which led Rome along the path of imperialism, were destroyed, and the failure to revive provincial prosperity formed part of that larger collapse of Roman government as a whole which gave rise to generals and their personal armies. The idea of monarchy thus gradually replaced that earlier Roman ideal of democracy which had built an Italian federation.

Henceforth the civilian democratic machinery was usurped by the personal commander and his devoted followers—a landless crowd, turned by rigorous training into high professional competence—ready to follow their leader in every undertaking, even against the Government. The list of generals—Marius, Sulla, Pompey, Caesar, and others—ends in 31 B.C. when Octavian (Augustus, as he was later called) defeated Antony and Cleopatra at Actium. The Roman Republic—the rule of "the senate and the Roman people"—was now finished. This is the Republic that had risen from an insignificant town of Latium to a position of world empire only to destroy the civil liberty of its citizens in their hour of triumph.

It would be easy to be carried away by the splendors of the new Augustan Age and to lose sight of our point. After all, Augustus inaugurated the Roman Peace, which lasted for more than a quarter of a millennium, and that surely is something. How much it is worth is, of course, our question. Though Virgil and Horace are ornaments of the Augustan Age, as they would be of any age, the literary pulse beat less rapidly at the close of Augustus's reign than at the beginning. It is more enlightening to think of Ovid, who best represents the attitude that would not be downed, a superficial interest in life and a conviction that the end of things, rather than the beginning, had been reached.

The Romans conquered the world, and though they brought many great blessings to the East as to the West, they assimilated neither. Indeed, they did not assimilate their own culture, for the civilization of the Roman Empire at its height—in the days of Augustus—did not belong to the masses. It was an aristocratic class society and government, and only the unusual individual could pierce the inner circle. Government operated primarily in the interests of the privileged few; political power was in their hands; taxation was not graduated. The great masses of men doubtless enjoyed the boundless majesty of the Roman Peace and its prosperity, but they had no reason to be what we might call patriotic, or, as we might better describe it, they had no faith in a high ideal, for their activities revolved around themselves.

Ancient history shows that the political welfare of a state is dependent in the last analysis upon the condition of the lowest class within its borders. Aristeides, the rhetorician of the second century, did not sense the pall of the Roman Peace; he was not interested in the welfare of the poor, nor did he reflect on how much the world had gained in creative achievement through the sheer intellectualism of the contentious Greeks. But once again with the advantage of hindsight we can say that ancient history shows that great success stems from faith based on man's confidence that he can improve himself. Thus the profound significance of the battle of Actium, which gave the Roman throne to Augustus and eventually enmeshed the world in a despotic state Socialism, is not that it deprived man of freedom, as if he had lived in a Utopia until that time; its significance, rather, is that forever afterward it prevented ancient man from solving his problems on his own initiative.



Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

ANAGRAMMED IDENTITIES

D. J. Ambriano of New York City submits ten sentences each of which conceals in the italicized anagram a character in mythology or literature. Each sentence offers a hint concerning the character's identity. Allowing ten points to each sentence, a score of seventy is modestly rewarding, eighty gratifying, and ninety extremely gratifying. Answers on page 54.

1. A *chill sea* had a share in defeating the Trojans.
2. She was *one girl* who wasn't very fond of her father.
3. There is no time *or place at* which this queen is not remembered.
4. *Not any* could win this beauty's heart.
5. It is said that on *our slum* was built a city.
6. The Argives could *rest on* his advice.
7. She was a *true dreg* to her anguished son.
8. This *nut chose to* be in a play that had an Adam but no Eve.
9. Perhaps he could not *teach mules,* but he helped papa lick the suitors.
10. *I have on* good authority that a Scots novelist created this character.

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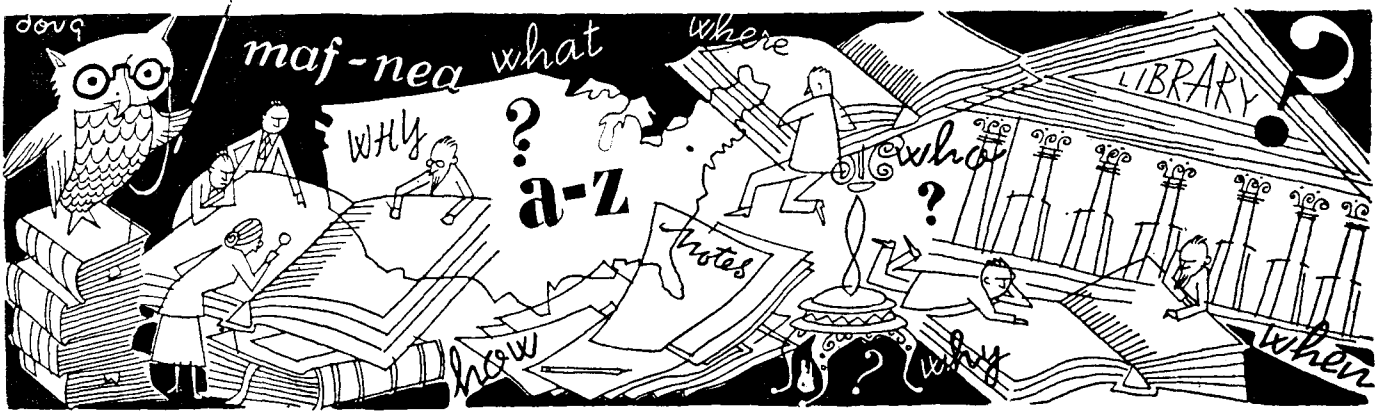
REFERENCE BOOK SECTION



One Man's References

J. H. BERTHEL

SOME years ago I was driving from New York to Boston and carelessly lost my way. A red traffic light gave me the opportunity to ask an elderly couple in the next car the way to the Boston Post Road. They handed me a pamphlet entitled "This Is the Way," and drove on. I found I had acquired a religious tract, a "reference book" possibly of value to a man in his full journey through life, but less immediately useful than the map I found at the next gas station.

William Rose Benét, who well understood the values, spiritual and practical, of reference books, in his preface to "The Reader's Encyclopedia" compared them to Aladdin's cave with its vast and varied treasure neatly stored in appropriate bins. "For the office of a reference book is, after all, to bring some sort of order out of chaos. But it is also to present to you a well-organized supplementary memory, in handy form. The delights of such a memory may be inexhaustible; the safaris of research it can initiate, endless; the urge to literary creation which it can supply, present on every page."

There is a more common definition, equally accurate if less appealing than Mr. Benét's, that describes reference books as those to which a reader turns for a definite bit of information. Ordinarily a reference book is not read from cover to cover.

Libraries, the major repositories for reference books, maintain special reference collections and frequently a trained staff of librarians to answer the questions of the curious. For anyone who reads, however, there are times when it is inconvenient to leave the comfort of an easy chair to search out the nearest library. Most of us are attracted by the idea of having a small reference collection close at hand. The books chosen for this collection are determined by our interests, available space, and the extent of our finances.

Let us assume that two adults, living in a one-room apartment, have reserved one shelf in their book case for reference books. If asked to fill this space I would collect the following: Solomon Reinach's **"Apollo"** (1935, $3), a concise yet comprehensive well-illustrated manual of the history of art; Rand McNally's **"Cosmopolitan World Atlas"** (1949, $12.50), containing maps of the important regions of the world, with separate maps for states and important cities in the United States; the one-volume **"Columbia Encyclopedia"** (1950, $25), which offers some 70,000 articles in compact form; the **"World Almanac and Book of Facts"** ($1.25), issued annually and literally packed with facts, related and unrelated; William Rose Benét's **"Readers' Encyclopedia"** (1948, $6), in four thin volumes, a "succinct literary encyclopedia" that continues to reward the interested reader; the **"Oxford Dictionary of Quotations"** (1941, $6), because of its emphasis upon the more familiar quotation whose source we should remember but seldom do; Robert Kingery's excellent annotated bibliography for the hobbyist, **"How-to-Do-It Books"** (1950, $3.50), containing titles of 2,350 books on 346 hobbies ranging alphabetically from afghans to yachts; two recent Mentor Books, available at a total cost of seventy cents: **"Good Reading"** (1952), which offers a descriptive list of 1,200 books representing all historical periods; and **"The Wonderful World of Books"** (1953), edited by Alfred Stefferud, which serves as a delightful cicerone to the world of books, its brief essays being the work of numerous authorities. **"Roget's Pocket Thesaurus"** (35¢) is truly "a treasury of synonyms and antonyms."

To break through the confinement of one room I would procure travel books: **"Muirhead's Blue Guides"** to the British Isles and Western Europe, or an old Baedeker or two, or any one one of a number of the **American**

J. H. Berthel is Butler Librarian of Columbia University.

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Guide Series, compiled by the Federal Writers' Project, and providing well illustrated information concerning life in each state and in many American cities.

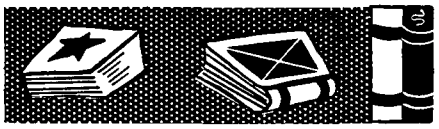
The shelf, now being filled, I would see to it that space be found for one of the unabridged dictionaries, probably **"Webster's New International Dictionary"** (1950, $30). This last rather cumbersome volume would find an honored place, if necessary, on a stand beside the shelf.

BUT suppose the family possesses a multi-roomed abode and several children? Many of the titles listed above would be included but there would be additions and possibly some substitutions. If there is an infant in the family I can think of no more comforting volume than the Pocket Book edition of Benjamin Spock's **"Baby and Child Care"** (35¢). Dr. Spock provides pertinent information concerning the very young and, somehow, manages to inspire confidence in the frantic parent. For those parents who wish to draw comparisons between their growing offspring and the "average" child, Gesell's one-volume edition of **"Child Development"** (1949, $5) provides the necessary information through the age of ten. Having given special consideration to these secular family bibles I would suggest that one of the larger multi-volumed encyclopedias be substituted for the very useful but somewhat more limited "Columbia Encyclopedia." My choice would be the **"Britannica"** (1949, 24 vols., $255.50), or the **"Americana"** (1949, 30 vols., $185). **"Collier's Encyclopedia"** (1949-50, 20 vols., $125) gives less complete coverage, but is extremely well-illustrated and written in a popular style.

With a growing family there is need to satisfy a wide variety of interests. Everard Upjohn's **"History of World Art"** (1949, $4.50), or Helen Gardner's **"Art Through the Ages"** (1948, $4.50), might be added to the shelf next to Reinach's "Apollo." Upjohn and his co-authors discuss painting, sculpture, and architecture in Europe, Asia, and North America from ancient times to the present. The Gardner book surveys world art through the ages. Both of these books contain helpful bibliographies.

Clifford Lord's **"Historical Atlas of the United States"** (1944, $3) answers many questions concerning the changing face of America from colonial times to the present. William L. Langer in his **"An Encyclopedia of World History"** (1948, $7.50) provides a chronology that comes close to boasting a narrative style. Dates, important names, and subjects stand out from the text in bold face type in this compendium of facts for the historically minded.

Oxford University Press has published a number of useful "Companions." Among these are two books by Sir Paul Harvey, the **"Oxford Companion to Classical Literature"** (1937, $4) and the **"Oxford Companion to English Literature"** (1946, $10). J. D. Hart's **"Oxford Companion to American Literature"** (1948, $5), Phyllis Hartnoll's **"Oxford Companion to the Theatre"** (1951, $8), and Percy A. Scholes's **"Oxford Companion to Music"** (1947, $15) round out a very satisfactory collection.



"The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations," mentioned earlier, has several equally attractive rivals. Burton E. Stevenson's ***"Home Book of Quotations"*** (1947, $15), comprehensive in coverage, listing over 50,000 well-chosen quotations, and John Bartlett's **"Familiar Quotations"** (1948, $8) are excellent and afford many pleasant moments of reading.

It should be obvious by now that science does not play a very large role in this selection of reference books. But as Charles Lamb said in "The Old and the New Schoolmaster," "In everything that relates to science, I am a whole Encyclopaedia behind the rest of the world." For the layman **"Van Nostrand's Scientific Encyclopedia"** (1947, $15) helps to overcome this weakness. Its editors have been thoughtful enough to cover any number of scientific subjects, ranging from aeronautics through zoology.

What of the man to whom money is no consideration and who has empty bookshelves rising from floor to ceiling? What reference books would I suggest for him? I would reaffirm my faith in most of those already listed, deleting a few and adding many others.

If unmarried, this well-to-do collector might not find the labors of Drs. Spock and Gesell of particular interest. To supplement his set of the "Encyclopaedia Britannica" or "Americana" I would advise the acquisition of the **"Encyclopaedia of the Social Sciences"** (1930-35, 8 vols., $72.50), edited by the late E. R. A. Seligman. It contains many fine articles by experts, covering an enormous range of subjects in the political and social sciences.

Two multi-volumed works should be acquired: the **"Dictionary of National Biography"** (1938 reprint, 22 vols. Oxford. $200), and the **"Dictionary of American Biography"** (1946 reprint. 11 vols. Scribners. $184). The first, the most important work for English biography, contains information on the vast majority of notable individuals, now dead, who lived in the British Isles or in British colonies. The second, modeled on the "D. N. B.," is probably the outstanding scholarly American biographical dictionary. As supplementary volumes I would suggest the more specialized **"Cambridge Bibliography of English Literature"** (1941, 4 vols., $37.50), the most comprehensive work in its field. It is valuable for those interested in building up a collection of books in English literature.

ROBERT E. Spiller's **"Literary History of the United States"** (1948, 3 vols., $20) serves the same purpose in American literature. Its first two volumes provide a history of our literature while Volume 3 is devoted to bibliography.

For those fortunate enough to afford it, the **"Oxford English Dictionary"** (1933 reissue, 12 vols., and supplement, $175) would be a fine addition to their bookshelves. It has been called "the great dictionary of the language," and it merits the name. It is priceless for its etymologies alone. There is a **"Shorter Oxford English Dictionary"** (1936, 2 vols., $35), that while not a substitute for the larger work is valuable in its own right.

The reader interested in American history would find two titles edited by J. T. Adams helpful: **"Dictionary of American History"** (1942, 6 vols., $60) and **"Atlas of American History"** (1943, $10).

The first includes events, allusions, political slogans, and a wide selection of topics on American history; the "Atlas" contains maps, chronologically arranged, that show the growth, military history, portages, and roads important in the nation's evolution. A collection of historical reference books should include G. M. Dutcher's **"Guide to Historical Literature"** (1949 reprint, $12.50). Shepherd's **"Historical Atlas"** (1929) has long been out of print but remains one of the best of the smaller general atlases. Its maps outline the political divisions in the world from Mycenean Greece and the Orient in 1450 B. C. to the years immediately following World War I.

Mudge's **"Guide to Reference Books"** (1951, $10), now edited by Constance Winchell, is a masterly annotated list of 5,500 of the more scholarly reference titles. **"Bessie Graham's Bookman's Manual"** (1948, $10), prepared primarily for booksellers and librarians, is a useful guide to books and their editions.

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Erratic Lexicography

WEBSTER'S NEW WORLD DICTIONARY OF THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE: College Edition. General Editors: Joseph H. Friend and David B. Guralnik. Cleveland: World Publishing Co. 1724 pp. $5. Thumb-indexed, $6.

By CARLTON F. WELLS

THIS newcomer to the crowded desk-dictionary field is *not* a G. and C. Merriam "Webster" dictionary, though legally any publisher, if he chooses, may now appropriate the one-hundred-years-old name of "Webster." Nor is it as new as it claims. The present 142,000-word thin-paper edition is substantially the same dictionary as the "encyclopedic edition" brought out in 1951 in two solid volumes for $22.50.

To be sure, it has some shrewd additions calculated to give the impression of being up to the minute. Entries duly appear for Eisenhower as thirty-fourth President, Nixon as Vice President, Churchill as prime minister for a second time; for Philip Murray's death, the official renaming of Eire as Ireland, and late facts on Israel. Likewise many current terms are included, most of them not in other desk dictionaries: *cybernetics, radiobiology, Revised Standard Version, business cycle, index number (Econ.), dilantin, lobotomy, saber-rattling, Simonize, flying saucers, wetback, my eye!, falsies.* And the inclusion of large numbers of colloquial and slang terms gives the "Webster's New World Dictionary" (WNWD) a certain further claim to "most modern."

The claim, however, is less convincing after the "WNWD" has been carefully looked at. For example, the Korean War is not recorded, nor is Korea's chief seaport Pusan, nor Syngman Rhee, nor *saber-jet* and *MIG*—and the brief entry on Korea that did get in has two serious errors. Or take Canada, which had a national census in 1951. In this 1953 edition of "WNWD" the population figures of Canada's cities are given undated, but actually are the 1941 figures. Canada's Governor General Vincent Massey and Prime Minister St. Laurent are not in. Again, a biographical entry appears for ex-Governor Lehman (1878-), but not for Governor Dewey, Adlai Stevenson, Walter Reuther, or Senator Vandenberg; an entry for pugilist Jess Willard (1889-), but not for Jack Johnson or Gene Tunney; for Fanny Hurst (1889-), but not for George Orwell or the 1951 and 1952 Nobel Prize winners in literature. Similar omissions are disturbingly frequent among newer terms: *sonar, psychological warfare, radio astronomy, operationalism (Philos.), topology (Math.), phytopathology (Bot.), wildlife, draftee, Central Intelligence Agency, General Matthew Ridgway, SHAPE.* Or compare the old-fashioned, badly drawn illustrations in "WNWD" for *golf clubs* and *cloverleaf* with those two in G. and C. Merriam's "Webster's New Collegiate" (WNC)—or compare *brontosaurus, woodchuck, bulldog,* and the spot maps with much superior illustrations in the "American College Dictionary" (ACD).

In other respects the "WNWD" is sometimes good, sometimes not. Its 1700 pages—300 more than in the "ACD," 500 more than in "WNC"—enable it to give 10,000 or so additional entry words, some longer definitions, some encyclopedic features and fuller etymologies. Typographically it is better than "WNC" but not equal to the "ACD." It is modern in its inclusive one-alphabet arrangement, modern in its concern with linguistic science, modern in its praiseworthy effort to write clearer definitions by using—to quote from the dust jacket—"the simple, dynamic language of mid-twentieth-century America."

But it is pedantic traditionalism in a desk-dictionary to place etymologies at the head of an entry or to claim that these etymologies can illuminate "the semantic flow" of meaning for an average undergraduate. It is dubious practice to omit dates on population figures and to omit labels for words that belong to a special field—as in geography or biochemistry. And while the "WNWD" is generally enlightened on usage problems, it labels *ain't* for *am not* colloquial, it fails to label *cannot help but* as colloquial, it records four spellings for *Shakespeare,* and gives *develope* as an acceptable variant spelling.

Even the latest edition of the well-edited, well-printed "ACD" (1951) leaves plenty of room for improvement. But the "Webster's New World Dictionary," despite its claims, does not measure up to college dictionary standards.

Carlton F. Wells is associate professor of English at the University of Michigan. On this review he wishes to acknowledge substantial assistance given by numerous colleagues in other departments.

Where's Omsk?

THE COLUMBIA LIPPINCOTT GAZETTEER OF THE WORLD. Edited by Leon E. Seltzer. New York: Columbia University Press. 2148 pp. $50.

By LOUIS SHORES

AMONG reference books, "Lippincott's Gazetteer" has a distinguished position. First issued in 1855 and last revised in 1906, it continued in print until 1931 with only the latest decennial census added for revision.

It is evident that the "Columbia Lippincott" is a new work. The preface goes into no detail about the obligation of the present edition to its predecessor, but the publisher's prospectus states that although "they chose the best of the older works as a godfather . . . the world had so changed since 1905 . . . that it was found more feasible to begin anew and create an entirely fresh work than to bring the old book up-to-date."

A staff of 150, aided by a research grant from The Kresge Foundation and advised by geographer-bibliographer John K. Wright, former director of the American Geographical Society, and by William Bridgwater, editor of the "Columbia Encyclopedia," and William B. S. Smith, the "Encyclopedia's" linguistic expert, devoted five years of painstaking research into this encyclopedia.

All kinds of places are included. The five-and-one-half million words aim to describe every U.S. county and every incorporated town listed in the 1950 census, plus many unincorporated places, all ports of entry, inland as well as ocean, all national monuments, battlefields and military installations, and all reclamation projects. The "Gazetteer" does pretty well, too, for the rest of the world judged by numerous samplings this librarian and others have had to make under fire at the reference desk.

Comparatively, the "Columbia Lippincott" has easily half again as much material as its predecessor. The world's growth in populated places alone would require most of that. But the "Columbia Lippincott" shows up well alongside a contemporary—"Webster's Geographical Dictionary." The latter's 40,000 places compare with the former's 130,000 articles somewhat like this on towns:

Place	*Webster includes only*	*Columbia includes*
U.S.	Incorporated, population over 1500	All incorporated and some unincorporated
U.S.S.R.	Over 25,000 population	Every town and workers' *settlement*

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France	Over 10,000 population	Every town
China	20,000-25,000 population	Every town

But towns are only one category of places. Nations, regions, continents, countries, mountains, rivers, lakes, peninsulas, oceans, canals, dams, volcanoes, and numerous other geographical units are included. For each place, spelling, pronunciation, location, and other pertinent data are provided. The alphabetic arrangement and generous system of cross-references make for easy access to information. English spelling (Moscow over Moskva) is favored, but variants are also given. Articles run in length from a line and one-half for Franklin Village, Manitoba, to some five columns for the United States. The "Columbia Encyclopedia" device of small capitals for cross-references has been used plus some other symbols like squares to enclose population figures and dotted circles to indicate the capital city or county seat.

The up-to-dateness of the work was revealed by several test cases. Tullahoma, Tenn., for example, carries in its article reference to the huge U.S.A.F. Arnold Engineering Center begun in 1951. Oak Ridge, Bikini, and other geographical units brought to public attention dramatically by World War II or postwar events are described to include these recent events. But occasionally research appears to have stopped short of recent history. Of four points on the U.S. Air Force's South Atlantic supply route during World War II, namely Natal, Ascension, Accra, and Maiduguri, only one, Ascension, contains in its article mention of the military installation.

An interesting feature is the inclusion of place names of the ancient and classical world. Important biblical and archeological sites are identified, but apparently no legendary ones. There is no entry for Atlantis, the island continent in the Atlantic Ocean referred to by Plato. These occasional misses and omissions, however, come well within the margin to which every good reference work is entitled. There is one feature in "Webster's Geographical Dictionary" that would prove helpful in this fine gazetteer, and that is the collection of black-and-white inset maps.

Dozens of hours of fascination with the articles in "Columbia Lippincott" have revealed the overall excellence of this monumental reference work. But the real test is at the inquiry desk of thousands of college, public, and school libraries where "Columbia Lippincott" has already earned the vote of librarians as the outstanding reference book of the year.

Reference Book Notes

AMY VANDERBILT'S COMPLETE BOOK OF ETIQUETTE: A Guide to Gracious Living. By Amy Vanderbilt. New York: Doubleday & Co. 700 pp. $5. Indexed, $5.75.

NO SUBJECT is approached more defensively by the average reader than etiquette. But in this new cyclopedia the introduction is accomplished in so mature and systematic a fashion that one is irresistibly led on to find out how and why people behave as they do.

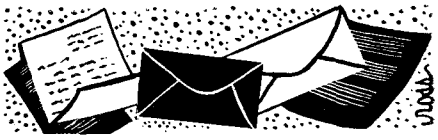
Mrs. Vanderbilt groups her seventy-five chapters under nine major divisions: the ceremonies of life, including weddings, christenings, debuts, and funerals; dress and manners; home entertaining; household management; correspondence; the family, public life; official etiquette; and travel. The variety of perplexing matters of daily living covered includes tipping, eating, manners, finances, furnishings, heraldry, parliamentary procedure, ship launchings, an audience with the Pope, baby sitters, citizenship, to list only a few at random.

There is so much in a volume of this scope that, like an encyclopedia or dictionary, it is too much to expect that most people will read it through from cover to cover. Yet it would not be at all surprising to find that a very great number of people do just that because of the modest and ingratiating manner in which Mrs. Vanderbilt handles sensitive issues.

Here, for example, is a rather intimate observation on marriage manners that will appeal to both partners in the average household. For years I have wanted to eat in America as I did in India and England without zigzagging my fork, but never thought I could get away with it in the United States without causing my wife great concern. Now I can quote as my authority Amy Vanderbilt, page 229. Tipping is a source of concern to tipper and tippee. This volume doesn't eliminate the evil, but it at least shows one a way to live with it.

Numerous other solutions of ticklish problems are offered. One is that of the male executive and female secretary who must travel together. Others concern sources of friction between parents and children. Answers are offered for those little decisions that may provoke frustration and fatigue.

Perhaps the real reason why this etiquette book seems less snobbish than the ordinary codification of social rules and regulations is found in a prefatory paragraph in which Mrs. Vanderbilt declares: "I believe that knowledge of the rules of living in our society makes us more comfortable . . ." and in which she acknowledges that "some of the rudest and most objectionable people I have ever known have been technically the most 'correct.' Some of the warmest, most lovable, have had little more than an innate feeling of what is right toward others." With that sort of an approach the author cannot fail to attract even those who parade their contempt for the social forms. The result is a book that is basic for American homes.



—L. S.

BRITISH AUTHORS BEFORE 1800. By Stanley J. Kunitz and Howard Haycraft. New York: H. W. Wilson Company. 584 pp. $6.

THIS is the fifth volume of an extraordinarily useful shelf of biographical works: "American Authors: 1600-1900," "British Authors of the Nineteenth Century," "The Junior Book of Authors," and "Twentieth Century Authors." It provides comprehensive coverage on the lives of the writers of literature in the two principal English-speaking nations.

Like the other Wilson books, "British Authors Before 1800" presents informal biographical sketches, in this case about 650, and of these some 220 are accompanied by portraits. The sketches vary in length from approximately 300 to 1500 words depending upon the importance of the subject, and are supported by bibliographies which are divided into two parts: books by, and books about. Brief, careful, factual reporting characterizes the sketches of the book themselves.

Since the period covered is major in the history of English literature both from the length of time and the quality of production the selection of subjects is significant. The great Elizabethans—Shakespeare, Jonson, Marlowe, Beaumont, Greene and ten others are there. But so also are many of the early ones—Alcuin, Aelfric, Aldhelm, Alfred, and so forth.

A check with the index volume of the "Cambridge Bibliography of English Literature" endorses the authors' selection of subjects. There are few omitted who should be included in preference. Occasionally one wonders

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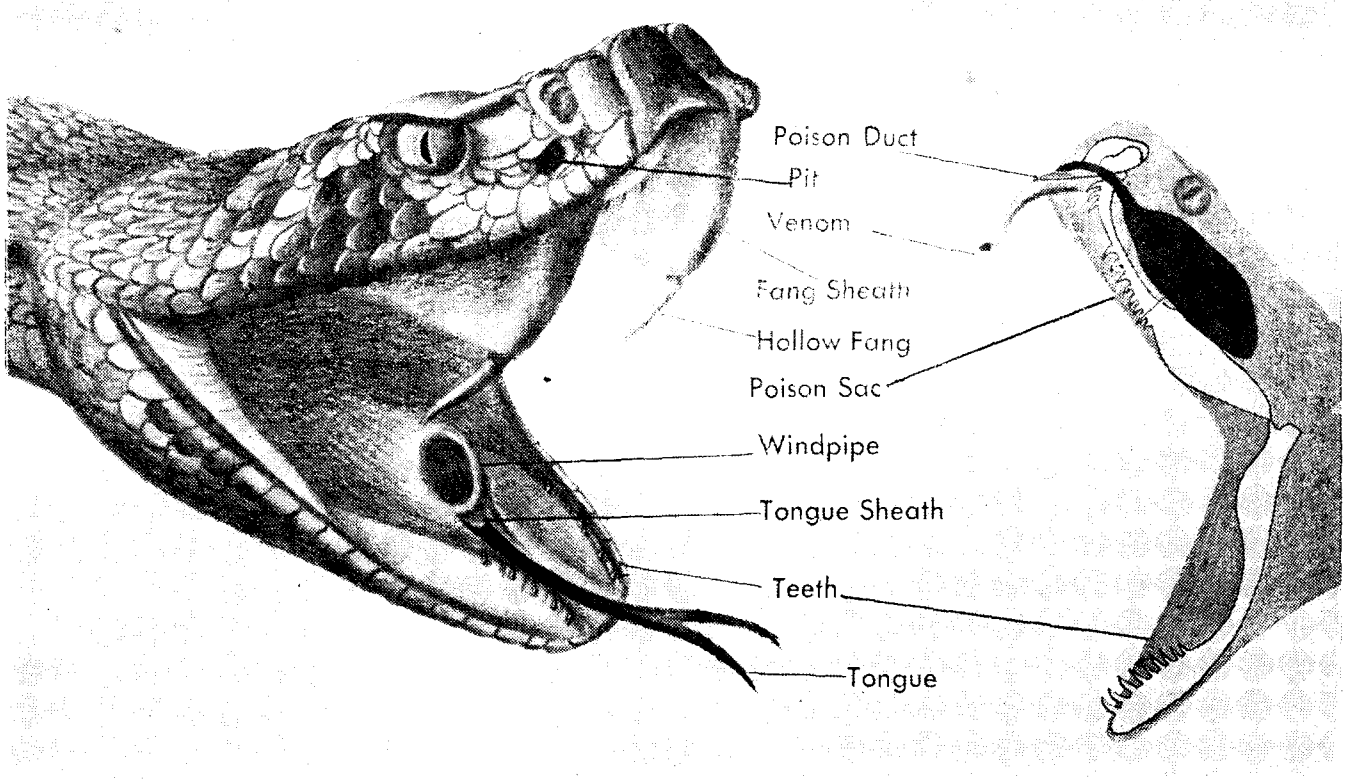

We anesthetized a snake... all for accuracy's sake!

The curator was skeptical when he saw the artist's first diagram of a snake's mouth. As Curator of Reptiles and Amphibians at Chicago Museum of Natural History, he had been chosen to write the article on snakes for World Book Encyclopedia. And he wanted this diagram to be accurate down to the last fang. So the curator kidnapped the artist, and off they went to Chicago's famed Lincoln Park Zoo!

The artist was amazed when she saw the learned curator (with the full approval of zoo authorities) skillfully administer chloroform to the most vicious of the snakes!

The snake was cooperative . . . remained obligingly limp, as its mouth was propped open so that Nature's secrets could be recorded for World Book readers! The artist sketched at a safe distance, as the scientist pointed out the various features.

The result was authentic . . . an accurate diagram of a rattlesnake's mouth to enrich the pages of World Book.

Whether it is a snake diagram or a color reproduction of a Rembrandt, a map of North America or a drawing of "Presidential Administrative Events," the thousands of visual aids in World Book are checked and double checked for accuracy. Another important reason why World Book Encyclopedia has been first choice of America's schools and libraries for so many years.

WORLD BOOK *Encyclopedia*

Field Enterprises, Inc., Educational Division *Merchandise Mart Plaza, Chicago 54, Illinois*

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about a decision such as that to include Mary Godwin in this volume but not William. But in general the selection is judicious. —L. S.

CONCISE ETYMOLOGICAL DICTIONARY OF MODERN ENGLISH. New Revised Edition. By Ernest Weekley. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 480 pp. $6.75.

THAT the derivation, structure, and growth of words in the English language concern many more readers than there are professional etymologists in the world can readily be proved by the statistics kept by any public library. Since 1921, when it was first published, "Weekley" has been a first source for answers. Consequently a new edition is an event as far as reference books are concerned.

The two improvements that stand out are both directed toward the general public, amateur etymologists, curiosity seekers, and radio quiz operators. One of these changes is evident in the greater stress on simplification. Derivations are traced to the Dutch and German cognates in the case of Old English and to the Latin for the Romance languages, and wanderings into the "misty region of Old High German, Gothic and Sanskrit" are avoided, except in unusual cases.

The other notable revision is the addition of many newer scientific and colloquial words. For example, World War II popularized radar and it is helpful to reference to find in Weekley

r (adio) *d* (etection) *a* (nd)
r (anging)

Similarly, it is convenient to have somewhere in print the authority of a Dr. Weekley for

jeep—for *G* (eneral) *P* (urposes) and

G.I.—American soldier. Slang use of *General Issue.*

Occasionally the explanations are so brief as to require further search. The old "O.K." gets only

"U.S. since 1790. Hence okay to confirm."

The real question asked is "What do the initials stand for?"

All told there are some 25,000 key English words in this compact collection, useful to every one who reads and writes. —L. S.

ATLAS OF ANCIENT AND CLASSICAL GEOGRAPHY. Revised by John Warrington. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 256 pp. $4.50.

SINCE Shepherd's "Atlas of Ancient History" went out of print a number of years ago, the need for a new historical atlas has been frequently voiced. In part this has now been met by the new "Atlas of Ancient and Classical Geography," issued by the publisher of Everyman's Library. For in this volume are helpful maps of the ancient world, both in color and in black and white, and besides a historical gazetteer and an index which gives latitude and longitude as well as page locations.

The first map begins with the voyage of the Argonauts and with Homer's world in 1000 B.C. Successive world maps include that of Herodotus (B.C. 450), Eratosthenes (B.C. 220), Ptolemy (A.D. 150), and others later. Separate maps of the dominions of Egypt, Greece, Rome, and Italia, Gallia, Germania, and other ancient geographical units, though small have the excellence of Bartholomew cartography. Still other black-and-white maps of battles, campaigns, cities, early Christian settlements, and regions are informative.

The gazetteer is primarily devoted to descriptions of ancient cities. It would be more helpful if the articles were related more closely to the maps. Since the first map is about the Argonauts something about their voyage in the gazetteer would be helpful. So also would be some discussion about the early maps of the world and the concepts behind them.

Although the Everyman is no replacement for Shepherd, it should meet some of the need for a good historical atlas. —L. S.

GRANGER'S INDEX TO POETRY. Fourth Edition, Completely Revised and Enlarged, Indexing Anthologies through December 31, 1950. Edited by Raymond J. Dixon. New York: Columbia University Press. 1832 pp. $35.

"I WANT the poem that begins 'Bachelors should never be.'" Since 1904 "Granger's Index to Poetry" has been the basic source for answers to questions like that. Essentially, Granger is an index to anthologies (577 in the present edition) by title, first line, and author. In the new edition the title and first line indexes have been combined into a single index for the first time, facilitating use and saving space by avoiding repetition when title and first line are the same. In the present edition, also for the first time, prose selections have been dropped. But anthologies are still indexed if one-fourth or more of the content is verse. The space saved has been used to provide for the first time a subject index.

The work itself is a model of indexing. There can be no doubt that "Granger" will continue to occupy the high place it has always had among basic reference books. —L. S.

VARIETY MUSIC CAVALCADE, 1620-1950. Compiled by Julius Mattfeld. New York: Prentice-Hall. 637 pp. $10.

THIS full chronology of music published in the United States is one of the finest bibliographic works in American publishing history. It is also one of the most fascinatingly readable reference books ever produced.

The volume lists alphabetically under year of publication in the United States, foreign as well as American music. For each entry there are given, where applicable, title, composer, librettist, publisher, and copyright date. For each year there is a succinct summary of highlight events.

The fascination comes from reviewing the song hits for 1942 or 1928 or 1897 or any year of your choice against the background of contemporary events. In 1942, for instance, Corregidor fell, Japan occupied several of the Aleutian Islands, and "See Here, Private Hargrove," "The Skin of Your Teeth," and "Mrs. Miniver" were top book, play, and movie hits. Top tune hits included "Jingle, Jangle, Jingle," "Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition," "Paper Doll," "This Is the Army, Mr. Jones," and "White Christmas."

Bibliographically this is a work of imagination as well as skill. The author is librarian of the Columbia Broadcasting System, where for years he has himself done a unique and superb reference job. Confronted daily by the question of copyright in connection with radio programs often involving music composed with or without legal protection, Mr. Mattfeld has had to pursue his bibliographic craft with the meticulousness that distinguishes him. —L. S.

DICTIONARY OF NON-CLASSICAL MYTHOLOGY. Compiled by Egerton Sykes. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 262 pp. $3.75.

AS MYTHOLOGICAL names and places outside the classical world find more frequent inclusion in the literature of the Western world, increasing need develops for a glossary. This new dictionary in the Everyman Series identifies over 2,000 allusions to Nordic, Egyptian, Coptic, Ancient Indian, Chinese, Etruscan, Japanese, American Indian, and other mythologies. It does not include myths of the "Arabian Nights."

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In alphabetic sequence short articles define places and persons. A dagger, used as a cross-reference symbol, ties related articles together. Two useful special features are the selected bibliography in front and the highly selected sixteen pages of illustrations in back of this handy little volume. —L. S.

CHAMBERS'S DICTIONARY OF SCIENTISTS. By A. V. Howard. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 499 pp. $5.

THIRTEEN HUNDRED world scientists are listed here, ranging in time from the beginning of science with the Chaldees to the modern miracle workers of the atomic age, and in fields from astronomy to zoology. The sketches are brief and alphabetically arranged by biography. There is also a topical index which refers to column numbers in which scientists identified with the topic can be found. When a column has four or five biographies it sometimes requires scanning the entire column to locate the individual sought. Halftone portraits about one-third of a column in size accompany about seventy of the sketches. Einstein has been honored with the full page frontispiece.

This little volume will complement such material as is now available in encyclopedias, "American Men of Science," "Current Biography," and other scattered sources. —L. S.

Publisher Wanted

FOR what types of reference books does the public cherish the proverbially long felt want, but which thus far publishers have neglected to fill? What old reference books, now out-of-date or out-of-print, sorely need revision? Miss Florence M. Gifford, head of the general reference division of the Cleveland Public Library, and chairman of the American Library Association's committee on reference tools, asked those questions of reference librarians in all parts of the country. Here are some of the answers she received:

Old Reference Books Needing New Editions

DICTIONARY OF THE DRAMA, Vol. 1. London: Chatto & Windus, 1904.

GUIDE TO HISTORICAL FICTION. By Ernest A. Baker. New York: The Macmillan Co., 1914.

GUIDE TO THE STUDY AND READING OF AMERICAN HISTORY. Boston: Ginn & Co., 1912.

GUIDE TO HISTORICAL LITERATURE. New York: The Macmillan Co., 1931.

AMERICAN DIARIES . . . to the year 1861. Berkeley: University of California Press, 1945. (Supplement needed)

GREAT INDEX OF BIOGRAPHICAL REFERENCE . . . Second Edition. Philadelphia: Gebbie & Company, 1881.

DICTIONARY OF ARCHITECTURE AND BUILDING. By Russell Sturgis. New York: The Macmillan Co., 1901.

WHO'S WHO IN JOURNALISM. New York: Journalism Publishing Company, 1928.

New Reference Ideas Needing Old Publishers

1. Biographical cyclopedia of artists, living and dead, with bibliography after each entry.
2. Dictionary of mythology, to include entries by attribute as well as by name of deity.
3. Dictionary of philosophy and psychology to bring Baldwin up-to-date.
4. Directory of American clergymen, inclusive of all faiths, up-to-date, and with indexes by name, location, church.
5. Exhaustive dictionary of foreign phrases, ancient and modern.
6. Annual list of master's theses.
7. A manual of state and local administrative units, arranged by function, i.e., probate, licenses, etc., and then by state, indicating when unit functions locally only.

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REFERENCE BOOKS FOR THE HOME

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following highly selected checklist of reference books published during 1952 was compiled by Louis Shores of Florida State University.*

Dictionaries

THE AMERICAN THESAURUS OF SLANG. By Lester V. Berrey and Melvin Van den Bark. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell. 1280pp. $6.95. The spoken language of Americans classified by ideas and by interests, including expressions inspired by the Atomic Age.

THE CHOICE OF WORDS. By Vere Henry Collins. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 222pp. $2.25. A book of synonyms with explanations.

SWAN'S ANGLO-AMERICAN DICTIONARY. By George Ryley Scott. New York: Library Publishers. 1514pp. $10. Over 133,000 colloquial, slang and literary terms used anywhere English is spoken.

CONCISE ETYMOLOGICAL DICTIONARY. By Ernest Weekly. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 480pp. $6.75. Derivations of old and new words in a revised version of a standard reference work.

DICTIONARY OF THE ARTS. By Martin L. Wolf. Introduction by Eric Partridge. New York: Philosophical Library. 797pp. $10. 10,000 definitions and explanations of technical terms used in definitions, for laymen and artists.

A CONCISE DICTIONARY OF ENGLISH IDIOMS. By William Freeman. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 300pp. $2.95. Some 3600 key expressions, indexed under key word, defined and sentence illustrated.

WEBSTER'S NEW WORLD DICTIONARY OF THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE: College edition. Edited by David Guralnik. Cleveland: World Publishing Company. 1,728pp. $5: $6 thumb indexed.

Encyclopedias & Yearbooks

OXFORD JUNIOR ENCYCLOPAEDIA. Vol. 10: Law and Order. New York: Oxford University Press. 496pp. $8.50. A British approach in the school encyclopedia field, each of the twelve volumes in the set, of which this is one, covering one broad subject area in alphabetical topical order.

FACTS ON FILE YEARBOOK. Edited by Fred McGhee. New York: Facts on File. 530pp. $25. Compilation of digests and indexes of major news events of 1952 broken down into convenient categories.

BRITANNICA BOOK OF THE YEAR. Edited by Walter Yust. Chicago: Encyclopedia Britannica. 768pp. $12. The annual survey and supplement to the Encyclopedia Britannica, containing short articles and cross-references.

COLLIER'S YEARBOOK. Covering events of the Year 1951. Edited by Charles P. Barry. New York: P. F. Collier & Sons. 783pp. $10. The 1951 supplement to Collier's Encyclopedia.

CHAMBER'S ENCYCLOPAEDIA WORLD SURVEY. Edited by M. D. Law. New York: Oxford University Press. 368pp. $12.50. 1952 supplement to the first edition of the British work, giving a general coverage of subjects and events.

YEAR. Los Angeles: Year, Inc. 208pp. $6.95. Annual picture history of events and persons of national and international importance.

INFORMATION PLEASE ALMANAC 1953. John Kieran, Editor. Planned and supervised by Dan Golenpaul Associates. New York: Macmillan. 928pp. $1. Latest edition of the popular almanac revised to include statistics for 1952.

NEWSWEEK'S HISTORY OF OUR TIMES: Covering the events of 1951. By the Editors of *Newsweek*. Vol. 3. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co. 628pp. $6.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Achilles. 2. Goneril. 3. Cleopatra. 4. Antony. 5. Romulus. 6. Nestor. 7. Gertrude. 8. Touchstone. 9. Telemachus. 10. Ivanhoe.

THE YEARBOOK OF WORLD AFFAIRS, 1952. Vol. 6. New York: Frederick A. Praeger. 378pp. $7.50. Published under the auspices of the London Institute of World Affairs. Contains survey articles, book reviews, etc.

NEGRO YEARBOOK. Prepared by Tuskegee Institute. New York: William H. Wise and Co. 496pp. $4. Latest statistics and survey articles on the Negro in the United States, conditions and achievements.

Biography

THE FIRST BOOK OF THE PRESIDENTS. By Harold Coy and M. D. Lee. New York: Franklin Watts. 68pp. $1.75. Well-known and little-known facts about them.

BRITISH AUTHORS BEFORE 1800. By S. J. Kunitz and Howard Haycraft. New York: H. W. Wilson Co. 584pp. $6. A worthy addition to the distinguished biographical shelf co-authored by Messrs. Kunitz and Haycraft.

THE ASCAP BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY OF COMPOSERS, AUTHORS, AND PUBLISHERS. Second Edition. Edited by D. I. McNamara. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 636pp. $5. Contains life stories of 2171 important living lyric writers and composers and of 402 music publishers, arranged alphabetically and by birthplaces, dates, and residences.

THE 100 MOST IMPORTANT PEOPLE IN THE WORLD TODAY. By Donald Robinson. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 447pp. $3. Forty-one are Americans and some of the others are Stalin, Mao, Eva Peron, and Tito.

Atlases, Geography, Travel

PREMIER WORLD ATLAS. Chicago: Rand McNally & Co. 272pp. $8.95. 14½ x 11½ inch size, with numerous improved features.

HAMMOND'S NEW SUPREME WORLD ATLAS. New York: Garden City Books. 176pp. $3.95. Size 12½ x 9½ inches. Collection of maps and gazetteer data.

ATLAS OF ANCIENT AND CLASSICAL GEOGRAPHY (Everyman's Reference Library). Edited by Jon Warrington. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 256pp. $4.50. Maps covering history of Egypt, Babylon, Assyria, Israel, Greece, and Rome.

HAMMOND'S NATURE ATLAS OF AMERICA. Maplewood, N. J.: C. S. Hammond & Co. 256pp. $7.50. Minerals, trees, wild flowers, birds, animals, amphibians, reptiles, fishes, insects of the U. S. and South Canada in maps and pictures.

Handbooks: Defense

BRASSEY'S ANNUAL, 1952: The Armed Forces Yearbook. By H. G. Thursfield. New York: The Macmillan Co. $8.50. Yearly chronicle of armed forces statistics.

AIR FORCE OFFICER'S GUIDE. By G. H. Brett and Albert Douglas. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co. 350pp. $5. A ready-reference encyclopedia of military information pertinent to commissioned officers of the U. S. Air Force.

NAVAL TERMS DICTIONARY. By J. V. Noel. New York: D. Van Nostrand Co. 247pp. $4.50. Brief definitions of words and phrases as used in naval communications.

DICTIONARY OF CIVIL DEFENSE. By Carlton Wallace. New York: Philosophical Library. 160pp. $2.75. Alphabetically listed instructions for the protection of family and property in time of war.

YOU'VE GOT IT COMING TO YOU. By Frank Mallen. New York: David McKay Co. 256pp. $3. Veteran's rights and benefits.

THE BOY SCOUT ENCYCLOPEDIA. By Bruce Grant. Chicago: Rand McNally Co. 160pp. $2.75. A good reference work for scouts and troop leaders.

Handbooks: Statistics

PICTOGRAPHS AND GRAPHS. By Rudolf Modley and Dyno Lowenstein. New York: Harper & Bros. 186pp. $4. How to present facts in symbols and pictures.

STATISTICAL METHODOLOGY REVIEWS, 1941-50. By O. K. Buros. New York: John Wiley & Sons. 457pp. $7. Capsule summaries and appraisals of statistical books, indexed by topics.

Handbooks: Coins & Stamps

FELL'S UNITED STATES COIN BOOK. By Jacques Del Monte. New York: Frederick Fell. 127pp. $1.50. A guide for hobbyists who wish to tell a valuable coin from a worthless one with a checklist of popular coins.

NEW COMPREHENSIVE WORLD-WIDE STAMP ALBUM. By George A. Tlamsa. New York: Grossett & Dunlap. $7.95. A guidebook to stamps of all countries for collectors.

Handbooks: Holidays

WHAT PEOPLE WORE. By Douglas W. Gorsline. New York: The Viking Press. 280pp. $7.50. A visual history of dress from ancient times to twentieth century America.

ENGLISH COSTUME FROM THE SECOND CENTURY B.C. TO 1950. By Doreen Yarwood. New York: Crown Publishers. 290pp. $7.50. An illustrated history.

Manuals: Homemaking

HOMEMAKER'S ENCYCLOPEDIA. Edited by Miriam B. Reichl. New York: Homemaker's Encyclopedia. 12 vols. $20. Solutions to a wide range of daily household problems including repairs, gardening, child care, etiquette, etc.

BOOK OF BABY CARE. By Ellen S. Duncan and Others. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co. 256pp. $3.95. From pregnancy through pre-school years.

THE FAMILY PROBLEMS HANDBOOK. By A. W. Holmes. New York: Frederick Fell. 191pp. $3.50. For the Social Worker. Features list of government and welfare agencies available to cope with specific catastrophes.

Manuals: Shelter & Repairs

POPULAR MECHANICS RANCH-TYPE HOUSE YOU CAN BUILD. By Tom Riley. Chicago: Popular Mechanics Magazine. 132pp. $3.50. Step-by-step instructions for low cost building-your-own.

SUNSET IDEAS FOR CABINS AND BEACH HOUSES. Menlo Park, Calif.: Lane Publishing Co. 112pp. $1.50. Suggestions for that rural retreat.

HOW TO PLAN A HOUSE. Second Edition. By Gilbert Townsend and J. R. Dalzell. Chicago: American Technical Society. 585pp. $6.95. Design principles and practices including styling, foundation, floor plans, budget, materials, etc.

PETER HUNT'S HOW-TO-DO-IT BOOK. By Peter Hunt. New York: Prentice-Hall. 294pp. $5.95. Practical instructions and ideas for remaking and remodeling household articles.

Books & Book-Collecting

ABC FOR BOOK COLLECTORS. By John Carter. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 182pp. $3. Terminology of the book world arranged in dictionary style.

LITERARY MARKET PLACE, 1952. New York: R. R. Bowker Co. 331pp. $4.50. Directory of magazines and publishers for writers and agents.

WRITER'S MARKET. 14th Edition. By A. M. Mathieu and Ruth A. Jones. Cincinnati, O.: Writer's Digest. 515pp. $3.50. Where to sell fiction and non-fiction manuscripts.

History

THE SHORTER CAMBRIDGE MEDIEVAL HISTORY. By C. W. Previté-Orton. New York: Cambridge University Press. 1202pp. $12.50. A basic reference book on these ten centuries of history developed from the larger work by one of the original editors.

NEW DICTIONARY OF AMERICAN HISTORY. By Michael Martin and Leonard Gelber. New York: Philosophical Library. 695pp. $10. Alphabetical collection of ready reference articles.

A DOCUMENTARY HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. By Richard D. Heffner.

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Bloomington: Indiana University Press. 287pp. $3. The texts of the documents, from the Declaration of Independence to the Marshall Plan.

Business

ENCYCLOPEDIC DICTIONARY OF BUSINESS. By Prentice-Hall Editorial Staff. New York: Prentice-Hall. 704pp. $10. 3,627 articles on every phase of business management, alphabetically arranged by topic.

ENCYCLOPEDIA OF ADVERTISING. By Irvin Graham. New York: Fairchild Publications. 626pp. $6.50. Over 1100 entries pertaining to marketing, publishing, public relations, graphic arts, and other related subjects.

ADVERTISING TERMINOLOGY. By H. Victor Grohmann. New York: Needham & Grohmann. 86pp. $1. "A dictionary of the advertising language."

Education

AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES AND COLLEGES. Edited by Mary Irwin. 6th Edition. Washington: American Council on Education. 1105pp. $10. Describes 904 institutions of higher education authoritatively and some 1812 professional schools in 20 fields.

AMERICAN JUNIOR COLLEGES. Edited by Jessie P. Bogue. 3rd Edition. Washington: American Council on Education. 600pp. $7.50. Lists 575 accredited institutions with descriptive data.

YOUR OPPORTUNITY. By T. S. Jones. Milton, Mass.: The Author. 225pp. $3.95. How to pay for a college education through grants, fellowships, scholarships, prizes, loan funds, and other aids available to students without money.

Science

AN EXPLAINING AND PRONOUNCING DICTIONARY OF SCIENTIFIC AND TECHNICAL WORDS. By W. E. Flood and Michael West. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 397pp. $2.25. A boon to reading in this scientific age.

CHAMBER'S DICTIONARY OF SCIENTISTS. By A. V. Howard. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 250pp. $5. Some 1300 brief biographies of world scientists from antiquity to the present.

HANDBOOK OF ENGINEERING FUNDAMENTALS. 2d Edition. Edited by O. W. Eshbach. New York: John Wiley & Sons. 1322pp. $10. Measurements, tables, principles, and other essential data conveniently organized for daily use.

ENCYCLOPEDIA OF SURFACING-ACTING AGENTS. By J. P. Sisley and P. J. Woods. New York: Chemical Publishing Co. 540pp. $15. Detailed description, including chemical composition and list of brand names and agents.

THE ENGINEERS' ILLUSTRATED THESAURUS. By Herbert Herkimer. New York: Chemical Publishing Co. 572pp. $6. Machine designs and parts, mechanical movements, etc. Classified and indexed.

HORNER'S DICTIONARY OF TERMS: Used in the Theory and Practice of Mechanical Engineering. 7th Edition. Revised by Staton Abbey. New York: Anglo-Books. 541pp. $5.25. Engineering terminology defined.

THE RADIO AMATEUR'S HANDBOOK. 29th Edition. West Hartford, Conn.: American Radio Relay League. 800pp. $3. Nearly three million copies of this "ham" classic have been published to date.

RADIO OPERATING QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS. 11th Edition. By Julius Hornung and Alexander A. McKenzie. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co. 550pp. $6. Well organized into broad categories.

THE PETROLEUM DICTIONARY. By Lalia Phipps Boone. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press. 338pp. $5. About 6,000 terms including slang.

TREES. By H. S. Zim and A. C. Martin. New York: Simon & Schuster. 160pp. $1. Identification of 130 familiar American trees.

Art

THE HARVARD LIST OF BOOKS ON ART. By E. Louis Lucas. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. 140pp. $2.25. Selected titles basic to the study of art history.

DICTIONARY OF ARCHITECTURE. By Henry H. Saylor. New York: John Wiley & Sons. 221pp. $4.50. Over 4,000 terms defined and supported by 193 illustrations.

ALPHABETS AND ORNAMENTS. By Ernest Lehner. Cleveland: World Publishing Co. 256pp. $10. Five centuries of ornamental art in 750 illustrations.

AMERICAN FURNITURE: Queen Anne and Chippendale Periods in the Henry Francis Du Pont Winterthur Museum. By Joseph Downs. New York: Macmillan Co. 39pp. plus 401 plates. $17.50. Illustrations of approximately 400 pieces.

FIELD GUIDE TO AMERICAN VICTORIAN FURNITURE. By Thomas H. Ormsbee. Boston: Little, Brown. 428pp. $4. Drawings by Ernest Hatherstad. Covers 1840-1880 period, U. S. wood and cast iron and imported papier mache and lacquered pieces.

Music

VARIETY MUSIC CAVALCADE, 1620-1950: A Chronology of Vocal and Instrumental Music Popular in the United States. Compiled by Julius Mattfeld, with an Introduction by Abel Green. New York: Prentice-Hall. 637pp. $10. A basic reference book.

THE CONCISE OXFORD DICTIONARY OF MUSIC. By P. A. Scholes. New York: Oxford University Press. 655pp. $6. Standard for music reference.

SYMPHONIC MUSIC: Its Evolution Since the Renaissance. By Homer Ulrich. New York: Columbia University Press. 540pp. $4.25. Includes major symphonies, concertos, overtures, symphonic poems, ballets, and suites.

COMPLETE BOOK OF 20TH CENTURY MUSIC. By David Ewen. New York: Prentice-Hall. 498pp. $7.50. Includes composers born in 19th century as well.

SELECTED LIST OF MUSIC FOR MEN'S VOICES. Edited by J. M. Knapp. Princeton, N. J.: Princeton University Press. 165pp. $4. About 4,000 titles classified in eight groups and available today in current editions.

Sports, Theatre, Dance

PICTORIAL HISTORY OF AMERICAN SPORTS. By John Durant and Otto Bettmann. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 280pp. $10. Good selection of illustrations but inadequate citation of sources.

THE OFFICIAL ENCYCLOPEDIA OF BASEBALL. By Hy Turkin and S. C. Thompson. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 620pp. $5. Contains a record of every player in every big league game since 1871 plus all kinds of miscellaneous information.

OFFICIAL NATIONAL FOOTBALL LEAGUE FOOTBALL ENCYCLOPEDIA. By R. Treat. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 389pp. $6. Contains the history, rules, players, coaches, teams and photographs of players.

HANDBOOKS OF NATIONAL DANCES: France III. Poland. Yugoslavia. Rumania. New York: Crown Publishers. $1 each. Each contains a short history of best-known dances, tells where and when they may be seen, and gives instructions for performing basic steps.

WORLD BOOK OF MODERN BALLET. By John Martin. Cleveland: World Publishing Co. 191pp. $6. A cyclopedia of the art, including ballet companies, dancers, choreographers, movements.

Literature & Language

MASTERPIECES OF WORLD LITERATURE IN DIGEST FORM. Edited by F. N. Magill.

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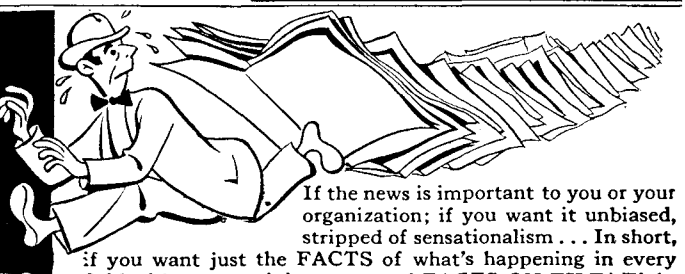

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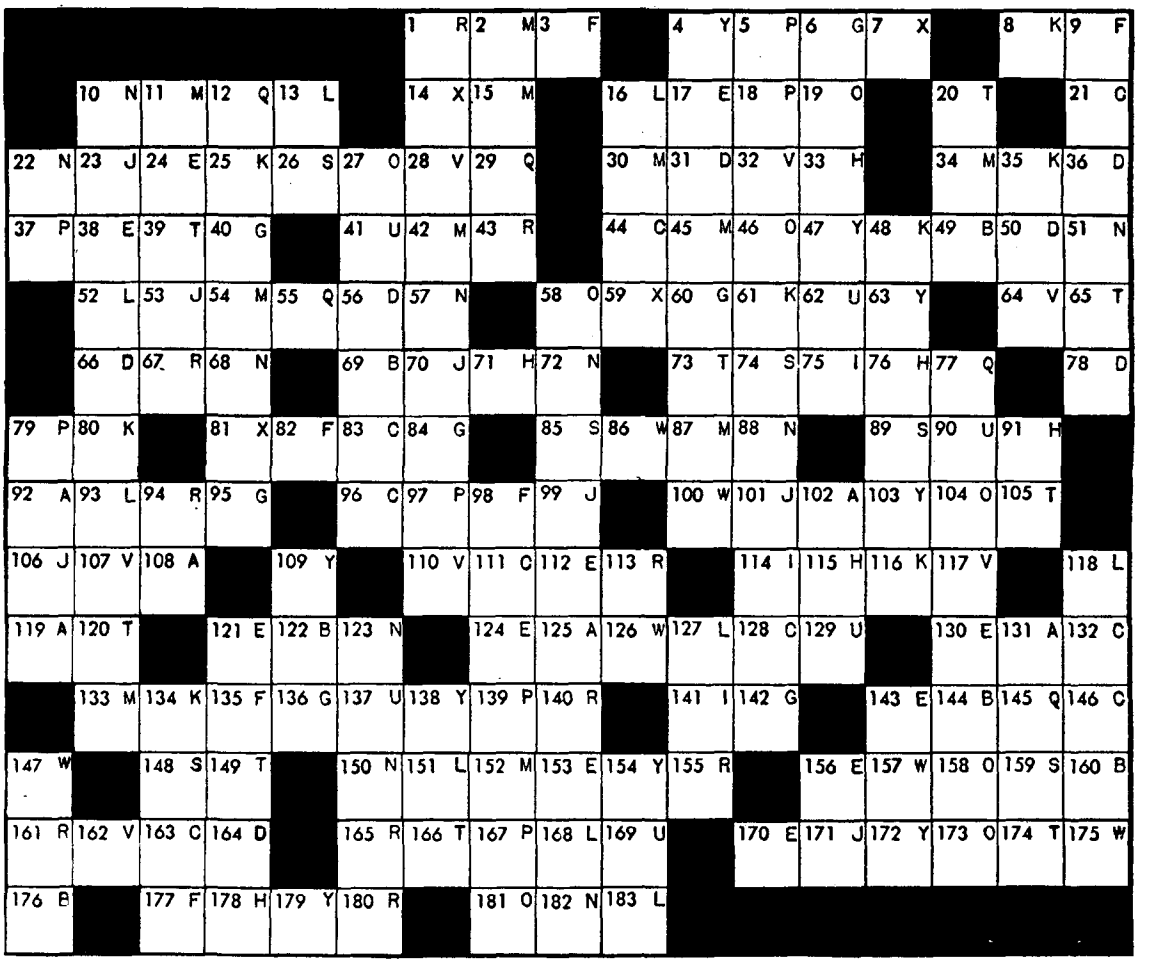
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Flaming.	125 119 102 92 131 108
B. Israel Zangwill wrote a famous book about its children, 1892.	176 122 49 160 69 144
C. French military aviator lost in attempted flight from Paris to N.Y., May, 1927.	163 111 146 44 128 21 96 132 83
D. Disposition toward work.	56 36 164 66 50 31 78
E. Member of a gun crew who, among other duties, repeats all orders from the officer in charge (2 wds.).	156 38 143 124 121 112 153 130 24 17 170
F. First name, Governor of N.Y. when old Erie Canal was opened.	135 82 3 98 9 177
G. Act of developing a new coat of hair, feathers, etc.	6 60 95 84 142 136 40
H. Orderly procedure.	71 33 76 178 115 91
I. Hawaiian frigate bird.	141 114 75
J. French Jesuit who became converted to Calvinism, 17th cent., but was later deposed by the Protestant Synod.	101 53 106 23 99 70 171
K. Roman queen, wife of Tarquin, whose dramatic story was retold by many writers including Shakespeare.	80 134 61 116 25 48 8 35
L. Blackest of normal type faces.	168 151 183 16 118 52 93 13 127

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Either of a pair of contrasting, alternative, Mendelian characters, as roughness and smoothness of animals' coats.	133 54 87 11 30 2 34 15 45 152 42
N. Cause of a much-desired patter (2 wds.).	88 182 51 57 68 150 10 123 72 22
O. Set solidly in something.	104 158 181 46 19 58 27 173
P. Hybrid between the bison and domestic bovines, not now common.	139 18 37 167 97 79 5
Q. Tropical American fiber used for cordage.	145 77 29 55 12
R. Officer who presided over ancient Greek and Roman games, as a sort of judge.	165 180 161 67 94 113 1 43 155 140
S. Irish priest of a hundred years ago, known as "Apostle of Temperance."	26 89 148 74 159 85
T. Inspiration.	105 166 65 120 20 73 174 149 39
U. One who repairs with fine-drawn needlework.	129 137 90 41 62 169
V. Japanese imperial crest, featuring 16 petals.	117 162 32 107 110 64 28
W. Familiar fruit not generally known to be a berry.	157 126 100 175 147 86
X. A third adjective Shakespeare applied to the "empty and wandering" air.	81 59 7 14
Y. Pertaining to the cashew nut.	172 138 47 154 179 63 4 109 103

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



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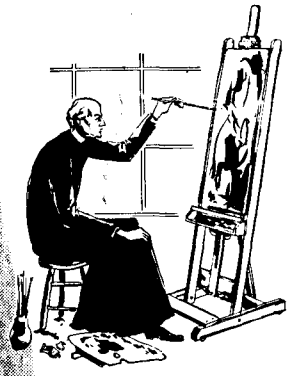

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